VOGUE

60c

NOV. 15



Four
accessories
to make
fashion
out of
clothes

The sensational
new jewel fakes—
to wear and to give

Fast beauty repairs;
quick-change coiffure

A Mainbocher 4-point clothes-plan

Articles by ROBERT BENCHLEY,
SOMERSET MAUGHAM, FRANK SULLIVAN,
from their VANITY FAIR days

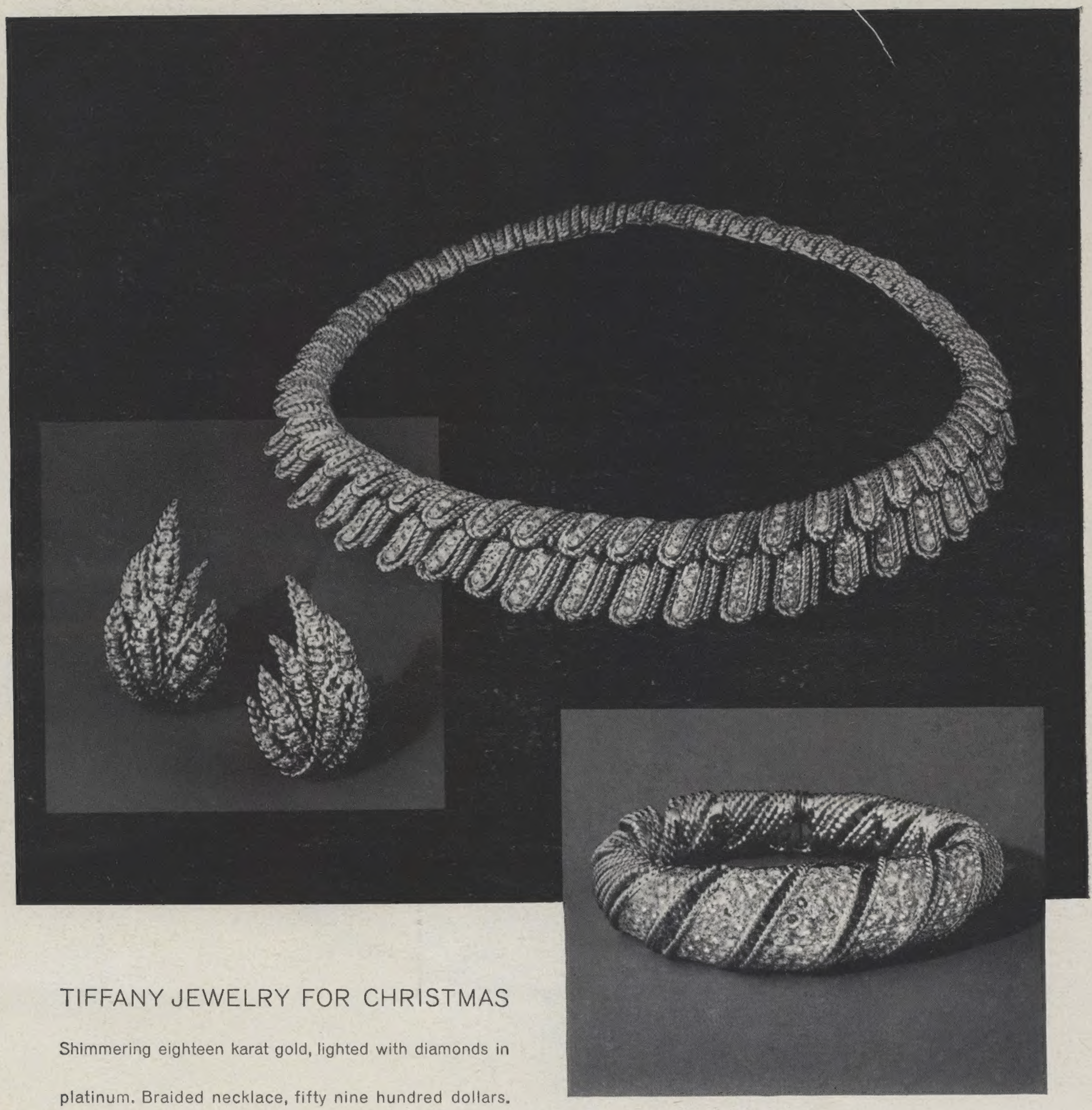
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NEW YORK



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Vol. 136 No. 9
Whole No. 2049

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British — I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

NOVEMBER 15, 1960

COVER

The new beauty—contemporary as today's headline, owing nothing to the past—here you see it in a marvellous sort of magnification. The eyes are outlined by light-and-heavy brush strokes, modulated like a Chinese calligrapher's. Pink Glory lipstick, and all other make-up here: Germaine Monteil. Also marvellously magnified—the huge, glittery Christmas-tree earrings, of rhinestones with a ruby-red drop, by Scaasi; $30 plus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.



BERT STERN

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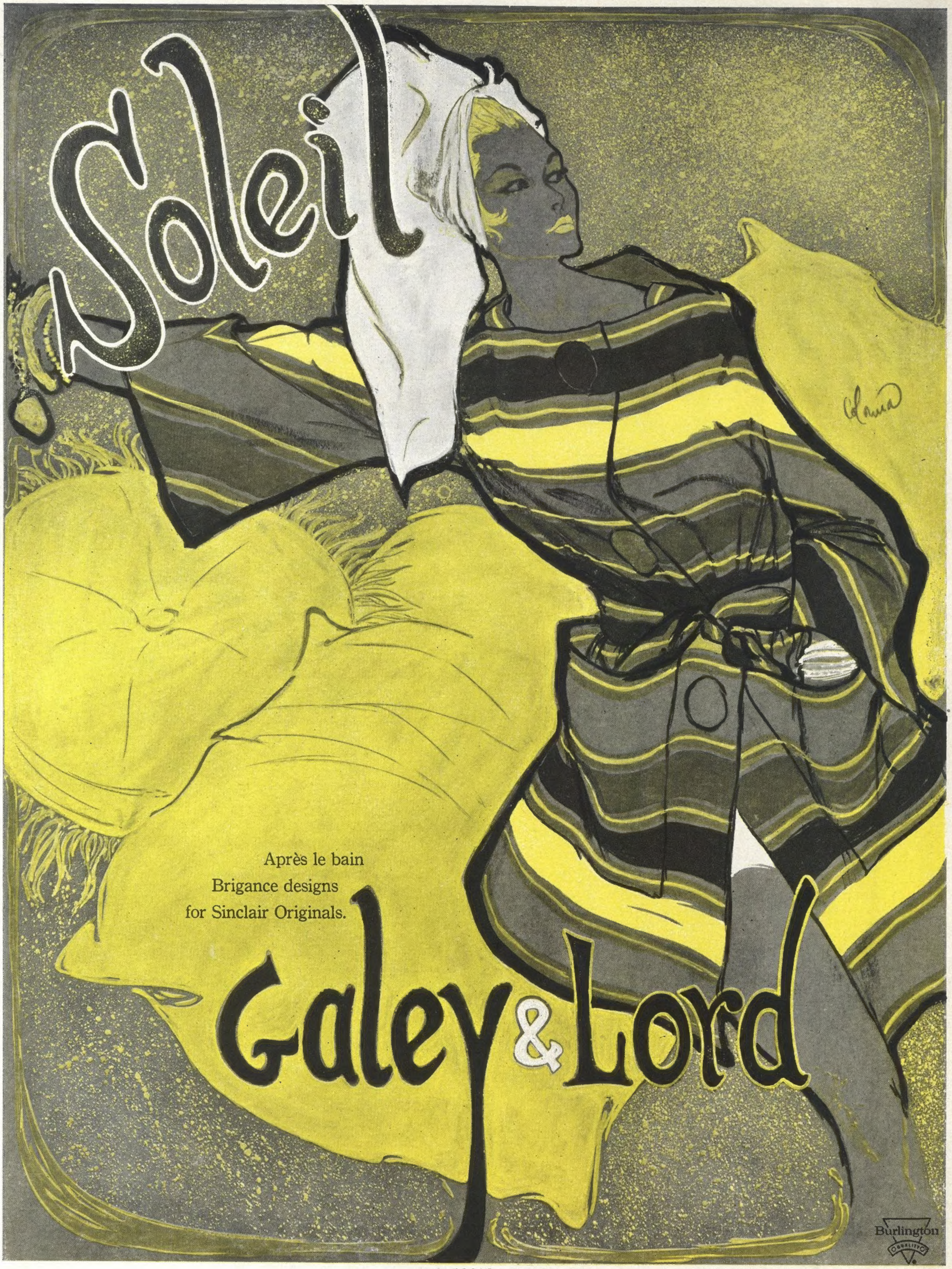
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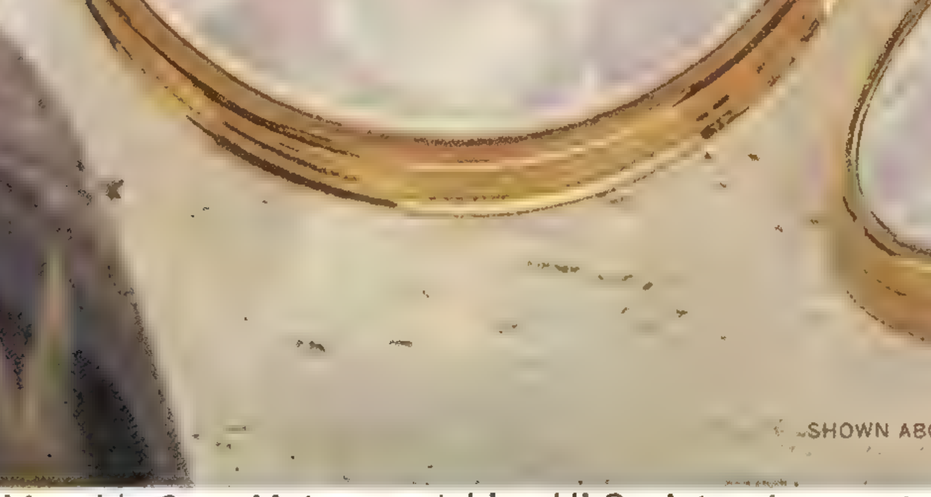
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Adele Simpson



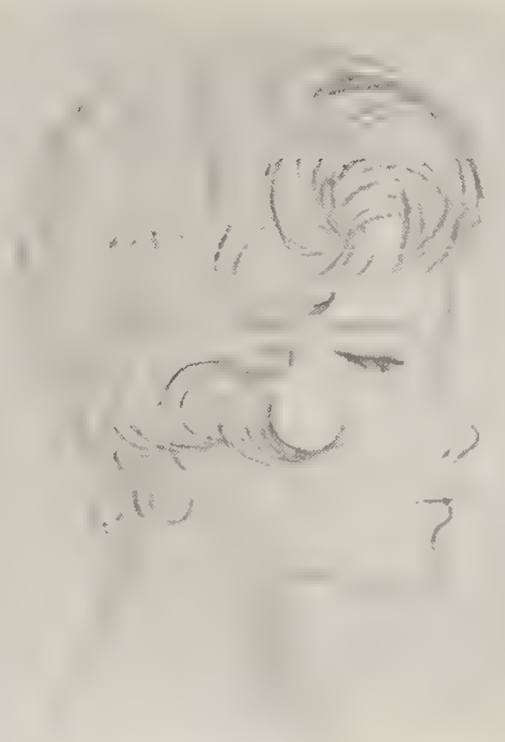
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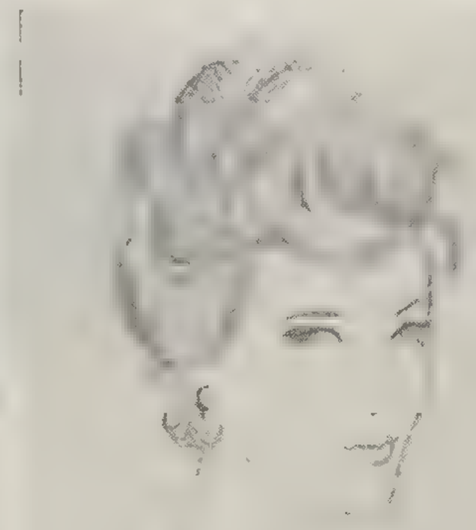
The convertible coiffure

(Details of coif described on page 128)

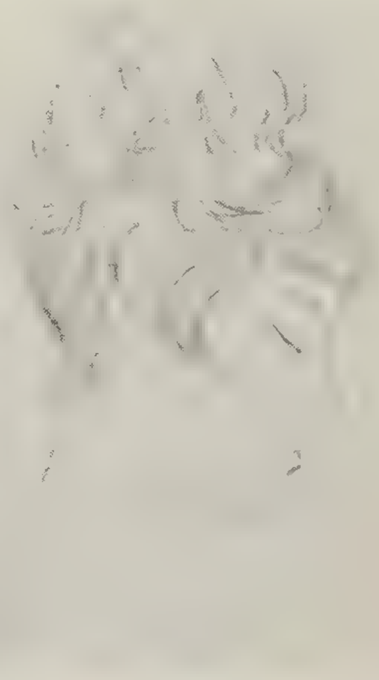


The hairstylists at Charles of the Ritz seem to have gone what might be called a bit Paganini, turning out hairstyles based on one cut the way he did variations on a musical theme. All four hairstyles shown here the maestros there will teach you to brush and tease—key factors in the short moulded look—and comb into shape. All are based on a





cut four inches long at the top, graduated down to one and a half inches at the nape of the neck. This cut, instead of following that old beauty chestnut about the basic shapes of face, follows the natural form of the hair, along with its sit-up and lie-down behaviour tested when both wet and dry.



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THE FIRE

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a V-neck Italian
silk from our
nautical collection,
overlayed with strips
of contrasting colors.
In various combinations
of red, white, and
navy. Also tones of
beige with white.
About 90.00

GEORGIA BULLOCK

122 East 7th St., Los Angeles, California

Curvy! Snaky! Slinky! Watches with imagination. Each one a quality Swiss 17-jewel watch. Swiss-shaped for newness '61. It dares with uniqueness! So beautiful, you'll happily wear it for years and years. The inside wears well, too. A quality Swiss jeweled movement has years and years of built-in accuracy. So, when you buy, look for the precision-crafted movement . . . 17 basic jewels . . . "Swiss" on the dial. Now shape is your object. How timely. How tantalizing. How kindly fashioned, too, for your income . . . and yours and yours. Why not talk to your jeweler? He and Santa make a wonderful pair. *1. Time dazzling oval in sapphires and diamonds. Snaky mesh bracelet. 2. Cylinder of gold to retain your minutes. Golden face, satin strap. 3. Squared off for timeliness. Duo-gold finish. Suede strap. 4. Sleekly triangular. Points up your hours in gold finish. Suede strap. 5. Brilliantly curved. Chic-est time in widest gold mesh.* There are hundreds of others, too. All waiting for you!

Shapes of time



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

The Watchmakers of Switzerland

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR Munsingwear®



Make Munsingwear's "Calais Mist" set your own private mood of elegance. Inspiration for its misty, hand-clipped Cameo lace came from a centuries-old Belgium pattern re-created for us alone in Calais. It mantles the double nylon tricot chiffon peignoir and fashions into a soft, surplice bodice for your nylon tricot waltz-gown to match. In pure white or pink mist with white lace, 32 to 36; 35.00 the set.

MUNSINGWEAR, INC.—WOMEN'S AND GIRLS' LINGERIE, SLEEPSTYLES, SPORTSWEAR / WOMEN'S HOSIERY / HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE® BRAS, GIRDLES / MEN'S AND BOYS' UNDERWEAR, SLEEPWEAR, SPORTSWEAR, SOCKS / 261 MADISON AVE., NYC



LEVOR

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G. LEVOR & CO., INC. GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

Beauty briefing for little girls





According to this optimistic head-to-toe survey, the well-turned-out little girl is made of:

a smooth, polished coiffure that gets top marks for manageability;

egg-plain white cotton gloves;

a light whiff of pink posy—

Tussy's Budding Beauty fragrance—represented here by pink bubble bath ($1.25*), a mitten ($1.25*) loaded with matching bath powder, and pink castile soap on a rope ($1); last, white cotton socks, their height (with party shoes they shouldn't be turned over) usually the same as their size—here, size 8, 8″ tall. All at Best & Co.; the coiffure, by the children's barbershop at Best's.

*PLUS TAX





EVELYN MARCIL



Minx Modes

on the opposite page

Artful simplicity . . . combines satin bound jersey with a light frosting of lace medallions. Neckline dips to strategic back depths for today's dramatic exit interest. MINX MODES Sizes 7-17, 6-18, MARJI LOW Sizes 6 to 18. About $35.00

at these fashion stores . . .

ALLENTOWN, PA.....Emil E. Otto
ALTOONA, PA.....Brett's
APPLETON, WIS.....The Rose Shop
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.....Homberger's
BAY CITY, MICH.....Duchess Shop
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.....Rolands Inc.
BLUE ISLAND, ILL.....The Mayfair
BLYTHEVILLE, ARK.....The New York Store
BOSTON, MASS.....C. Crawford Hollidge
BROOKLYN, N. Y.....Abraham & Straus
BUFFALO, N. Y.....Evelyn's Dresses & Accessories Inc.
CASPER, WYO.....Porter's Quality Shop
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.....Pickett's
CINCINNATI, OHIO.....Squires - Lawton
CLEVELAND, OHIO.....Engel - Fetzer
CODY, WYO.....K & K Shop
COLUMBUS, NEBR.....Levine Bros.
DAYTON, OHIO.....Donenfeld's
DECATUR, ILL.....Burstein's
EASTON, PA.....Grollman's
FORT SMITH, ARK.....Arcade
FORT WAYNE, IND.....D. B. Fishman Co.
FREDERICK, MD.....Haber's
GREAT FALLS, MONT.....Beckman's
GREENSBORO, N. C.....Ellis - Stone
HAYS, KANSAS.....Finch's
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.....The Style Shop
INDIO, CALIF.....Thompson's Toggery
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.....Purcells
JACKSONVILLE, ILL.....Leslie and Rickard
JOHNSTOWN, PA.....John Everets Inc.
KANKAKEE, ILL.....Lecour's
KNOXVILLE, TENN.....Miller's
LA JUNTA, COLO.....The Sylwood
LAKE GENEVA, WIS.....Smart Shop
LANCASTER, PA.....Hertzler's
LARAMIE, WYO.....Haliburton & Merton
LINCOLN, NEBR.....Miller & Paine
LOGANSPORT, IND.....The Golden Rule
MADISON, WIS.....W. J. Rendall's
MANCHESTER, N. H.....Sydney's
MANSFIELD, OHIO.....The Miller Shop
MASON CITY, IOWA.....Lundberg's
MEMPHIS, TENN.....Lowenstein's
MILWAUKEE, WIS.....Fritzel's
MOLINE, ILL.....La Rose Shoppe
NASHVILLE, TENN.....Cain - Sloan Co.
NORFOLK, VA.....Michaels'
OLNEY, ILL.....Janet Shop
ORANGE, CONN.....Firelite Shop
ORLANDO, FLA.....Ivey's
OWENSBORO, KY.....S. W. Anderson Co.
PEORIA, ILL.....P. A. Bergner Co.
PITTSFIELD, MASS.....Josef Yezzi
PLAINFIELD, N. J.....Claire Williams
PLAINVIEW, TEXAS.....Marshall - Davis
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.....Kopy Kat, Inc.
RALEIGH, N. C.....Mac Josephs
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.....Weinstock - Lubin and Co.
SAGINAW, MICH.....Heavenrich's
ST. JOSEPH, MICH.....Edith's
SALINA, KANSAS.....Hoyt - West
SALISBURY, MD.....Benjamin's
SAN BERNADINO, CALIF...Coulter's
SEATTLE, WASH.....Dorothy's
SOUTH BEND, IND.....Milady Shop
SPRINGFIELD, MO.....Rubenstein's Dept. Store
TAMPA, FLA.....Habers
TERRE HAUTE, IND.....Jame Wolf Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Haber's
WASHINGTON, IND.....Burrus & Kramer
WATERBURY, CONN.....Suggenheimers
WHITEFISH, MONT.....Sandra's
WICHITA, KANSAS.....Russ Calkins, Inc.
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.....Brozman's
WILMINGTON, DEL.....Finkel's
Winston - Salem, N. C....Davis Inc.

CANADA

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA...Mills Bros. Co. Ltd.
MONTREAL, QUEBEC.....Dupuis Et Freres, Ltee.
OTTAWA, ONT.....Chas. Ogilvy Ltd.
QUEBEC, QUEBEC.....La Cie Paquet Ltee.
ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.....The Model Shop
VANCOUVER, B. C.....Tracys

R. Lowenbaum Mfg. Co., St. Louis
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Mexico, F. D. Mexico
Minx Modes, Montreal, Canada


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JAY THORPE ✦ DAVISON'S ✦ WANAMAKER'S
STIX BAER & FULLER ✦ WM H. BLOCK

Back-Talk by Emilio! So Barely Beautiful!...This new Formfit Backless Bra! So appealing...so revealing! You're the very essence of That spring-young Formfit Feeling in this enchanting Incanto bandeau! With his own touch of sorcery, Italian designer Emilio Pucci bares your back to its lowest bewitchery, lifts your bosom to new heights of beauty...sculptures for you, anew, the figure forever 17. Only he could design such an uplifting line from deep-plunging, wisp-delicate lace. (And, inside, is a net lining of palest pink!) Like magic, a long strip of elastic holds you high, while lightly looping 'round your waist, it reveals your whole beautiful back. *Meravigliosa!* It's barely, beautifully there...That Formfit Feeling!



FORMFIT BACKLESS INCANTO BRA STYLE 83. Wide-cut plunging front and straps trimmed with ribbon; soft under-cup wiring and soft under bust pads for extra lift and support. White or Black. $6.95
32A-36B.

Formfit Fiber Facts: All nylon

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IRRESISTIBLE SEAMLESS NYLONS

IN AN IRRESISTIBLE CHRISTMAS BOX

ALABAMA
Anniston: The Vanity
Auburn: Polly Tek Shop
Birmingham: Wolf's House of Fashion
Demopolis: LeBerts Bootery
Demopolis: Sprights
Dothan: Martin Shoe Store
Enterprise: Vogue Shoes
Florence: Kayes Shoe Store
Gadsden: Hagedorn's
Huntsville: Busann's
Jasper: Weinstein's
Mobile: The Vanity
Montgomery: The Vanity
Ozark: H. C. Dowling Dept. Store
Prichard: Kay's
Selma: Meyers Shoe Co.
Sylacauga: Sylacauga Cash Store
Tuscaloosa: Louis Wisel's, Inc.

ALASKA
Anchorage: The Bootery

ARIZONA
Douglas: Given Bros.
Flagstaff: Babbitt's
Globe: Given Bros.
Phoenix: Given Bros.
Tucson: Given Bros.

ARKANSAS
Fort Smith: Boston Dry Goods Co.
Jonesboro: Wahl's Slipper Shop

CALIFORNIA
Antioch: Famous Fashions
Bakersfield: Malcolm Brock Co.
Berkeley: Huston's
Chico: M. Oser
Concord: Rhodes
El Centro: J. M. McDonald Co.
Fresno: Rhodes
Hayward: Fleishers Shoes
Highland Park: Iver's
Lodi: Burton's Shoe Store
Manhattan Beach: Stevens Bootery
Napa: Albert's
No. Hollywood: Johnston's Shoes
Oakland: Rhodes
Pacific Grove: Holman's
Palo Alto: Emporium
Palm Springs: Grone's
Richmond: Marylander
Riverside: Harold's Shoes
Sacramento: Rhodes
Sacramento: Rhodes, South Gate
Sacramento: Weinstock-Lubin Co.
Salinas: Bloom's
San Diego: Jordan Marsh Co.
San Diego: Walker Scott
San Francisco: Byron's
San Francisco: Byron's Stonestown
San Francisco: City of Paris: Stonestown
San Francisco: City of Paris, Union Square
San Francisco: Emporium
San Francisco: Emporium, Stonestown
San Jose: L. Bloom Sons
Santa Maria: Simas Smart Shoes
San Mateo: Byron's
Santa Rosa: Rosenberg's
Stevens Creek: Emporium
Ventura: Rain's
Watsonville: Charles Ford Co.

COLORADO
Denver: Fontius Shoe Co.

CONNECTICUT
Ansonia: Marvin's
Bridgeport: Elliott's Shoe Box
Bridgeport: Skydel's
Hartford: G. Fox & Co., Inc.
Manchester: Burton's
Meriden: Styletex
Middletown: Smith Shoes
Milford Shopping Center: Country Cobbler
New Britain: Vogue Shoes
New Haven: Edward Malley Co.
New Haven: L. Rosenfeld & Son
Norwalk: Arnold's Boot Shop
Norwich: Reid & Hughes
Torrington: Howard's
Waterbury: Hertzmark's
Waterbury: Worth's Smiling Service
Willimantic: Bruce's Inc.

DELAWARE
Dover: Kar-Mil
Wilmington: Bendheims
Wilmington: Kennards

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington: Joseph DeYoung Co., Inc.
Washington: The S. Kann Sons Co.

FLORIDA
Daytona Beach: Lee's
Delray Beach: Canning's
Ft. Lauderdale: Lauderdale Shoe Store
Ft. Pierce: Davidsons
Ft. Walton Beach: Howard's Shoe Store
Gainesville: Fagans Bootery
Hollywood: Hollywood Shoe Store
Jacksonville: Howard's Shoe Store
Lakeland: Benfords Bootery
Leesburg: Akels Footwear
Palatka: The French Bootery
Panama City: Schneider's
Pensacola: Bon Marche
Sarasota: Fred Walden Shoes
So. Jacksonville: Larry's Shoe Store
Tallahassee: Miller's Bootery
Tampa: Haber's
West Palm Beach: Selby's of West Palm Beach

GEORGIA
Albany: Aaron's Fine Footwear
Athens: Lamar Lewis Co.
Atlanta: Byck's
Atlanta: Regenstein's
Bainbridge: Joseph's
Buckhead: Regenstein's
Columbia: Kiralfy's
Cordele: Roobin's Ltd.
Dublin: Stephen's
Glenville: Union Dry Goods
Moultrie: Schreibers Bootery
Newman: Bruners Dept. Store
Rome: Esserman's
Rome: Miller Bros.
Savannah: Globe Shoe Co.
Thomasville: Neel Bros.
Valdosta: Darby Shoes
Waycross: Schreibers Bootery
West Point: Cohen's Inc.

IDAHO
Boise: King's
Idaho Falls: C. C. Anderson
Lewiston: C. C. Anderson
Twin Falls: C. C. Anderson

ILLINOIS
Aurora: Boy's Inc.
Arlington Heights: Todd's
Barrington: Archer's Bootery
Belleville: M. Katz Co.
Chicago: Sam Devine & Sons
Chicago: The Fair Store
Chicago: Geiler's Bootery
Chicago: G.G.G. Bootery
Chicago: George's Shoes
Chicago: Harding Boot Shop
Chicago: Jay's Shoes
Chicago: Kennard's Bootery
Chicago: Shapiro Shoes, Western Ave.
Chicago: West Shoes
Champaign: Robeson's
Danville: Parisian
Decatur: Raupp Shoes
Des Plaines: Brumlik Shoes
Elgin: Tony White Shoes
Elmwood Park: Brumlik Shoes
Galesburg: Rogers Shoes
Herrin: Zwick Shoes
Hillside: Slater's Country Cobbler
Joliet: Block & Kuhl
Libertyville: Jay's Shoes
Monmouth: Colwells
Mt. Vernon: Dollen's
Oak Park: Spire Shoe Salon
Palos Heights: Shapiro Shoes
Park Ridge: Cushman Shoes
Peoria: Crawford Shoes
Quincy: Heintz Shoes
Rockford: Driscoll's Bootery
Scottsdale: Al. Shapiro Shoes
Skokie: Jay's Shoes
Springfield: The Bootery
Waukegan: Hein's
Western Springs: The Shoe Corral
West Frankfort: Arsht Shoes

INDIANA
Bedford: Tovey's Ideal Shoe Store
Bloomington: R. & S. Boot Shop
Evansville: Baynham Shoe Co. Inc.
Ft. Wayne: Wolf & Dessauer
Frankfort: Baker's Shoe Store
Gary: Sax Fine Footwear
Goshen: Noble Shoe Store
Hammond: Sax Fine Footwear
Indianapolis: Clemen's Shoe Salon
Indianapolis: Wm. H. Block Co.
Kokomo: Smith's Shoe Store
LaPorte: Joseph's Shoe Salon
Logansport: Hockman's
Marion: C. & H. Shoe Co.
Michigan City: Rowley's Shoe Store
Muncie: Schroeders Shoe Store
Richmond: Palais Royal



Shelbyville: The New Paul's Shoe Store
South Bend: Milady Shop Shoe Salon
Vincennes: Johnson's Booterie
Terre Haute: Ben Becker Shoe Co.
Winchester: Jo's Shoe Salon

IOWA
Ames: Emerhoff's
Carroll: Anderson Shoe Store
Des Moines: The New Utica
Dubuque: Stampfer's
Fort Dodge: Welch Shoe Co.
Iowa City: Lorenz Bros.
Keokuk: Sullivan-Auwerda
Marshalltown: Nichols & Green
Mason City: Stevensons
Spencer: Redmond Shoe Store

KANSAS
Kansas City: Robinson's
Prairie Village: Robinson's
Topeka: Robinson's
Wichita: Head Shoe Co.

KENTUCKY
Bowling Green: Dollar Bros.
Danville: Parks Belk Co.
Hopkinsville: Arnold's Shoe Salon
Lexington: Brown's Booterie, Inc.
London: Parks Belk Co.
Louisville: Morton's
Louisville: Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Madisonville: Dollar Bros.
Mayfield: Vanity
Middlesboro: Tamer's
Murray: Ryan's Shoes
Owensboro: Baker Vaughn Shoe Co.
Paducah: Wahl's Slipper Shop
Princeton: Princeton Shoe Co.

LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge: Goudchaux Dept. Store
Baton Rouge: Landry's
Lafayette: Abdalla's Dept. Store
New Iberia: Abdalla's Dept. Store
Opelousas: Abdalla's Dept. Store
Ruston: Dodds Shoes
Shreveport: Regents Shoes

MAINE
Augusta: D. W. Adams
Bangor: Standard Shoes
Biddeford: Boston Shoe Store
Brunswick: Senter's
Camden: Haskell & Corthell
Lewiston: Boston Shoe Store
Madawaska: Morrell's
Old Town: Ben Sklar's
Portland: Boston Shoe Store
Presque Isle: Thibodeau's
Waterville: Stern's

MARYLAND
Baltimore: N. Hess Sons
Cumberland: Peskins

MASSACHUSETTS
Attleboro: Sillman's
Belmont: Harold's Shoe Salon
Boston: R. H. Stearns Co.
Brockton: Lanoue Bros.
Chestnut Hill: R. H. Stearns Co.
Chicopee: Paul's Shoe Center
Fitchburg: W. C. Goodwin
Gardner: Goodnow-Pearson
Greenfield: Mathieu's
Holyoke: Ed Moriarty's Family Shoe Store
Lawrence: Jerome's Bootery
Newburyport: Traister's
North Adams: Martin's
Palmer: Mathieu's
Salem: Lally's
Southbridge: Mathieu's
Springfield: Manning Armstrong
Springfield: Albert Steiger Co.
Taunton: John Bright
Wellesley: Talcoff's
Westfield: Ed Moriarty's Family Shoe Store
West Newton: Barron's
Woburn: Bond Shoes

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor: Willard's Shoes
Battle Creek: L. W. Robinson Co.
Bay City: Economy Knepp, Inc.
Bay City: W. R. Knepp Co.
Benton Harbor: Rowley's Shoe Store
Birmingham: Herbert Burr Shoes
Dearborn: King's Boot Shop
Detroit: Demery's
Detroit: Winkelmen Bros. (all stores)
Escanaba: Robert's Shoes
Fenton: Fred Elliott's Fine Shoes
Flint: Smith-Bridgman's
Grand Rapids: Brenner's
Jackson: Field's
Kalamazoo: Purcell's on the Mall
Lansing: J. W. Knapp Co.
Niles: Rowley Family Shoes, Inc.
Owosso: D. M. Christian Co.
Pontiac: Alvin's of Pontiac
Port Huron: Peter Johnston Shoe Co.
Royal Oak: King's Boot Shop
Saginaw: Welchmann's
Traverse City: Snyder-Becsey Shoe Store

MINNESOTA
Detroit Lakes: Norby's
Hibbing: Feldman's
Highland Village: Powers Co.
Knollwood: Powers Co.
Mankato: Wood & Sterling
Minneapolis: Powers Co.
New Ulm: Eichten's
Red Wing: Hughes Shoes
Rochester: Richmond's Bootery
Thief River Falls: Purdy Shoes
Virginia: Ketola's
Winona: Choates

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi: W. V. Joyce Co.
Clarksdale: JoAnn Shop
Cleveland: Kamiens
Columbus: Ruth's
Columbia: Pool's
Greenville: Nelms & Blum
Greenwood: Goldberg's
Hattiesburg: Toxey's Shoes
Jackson (Brights Center): Eldrias Family Shoe Store
Jackson (Cook Center): Eldrias Shoes
Kosciusko: Smart Shop
Laurel: H. B. Williams Shoes
McComb: Hollywood Shop
Meridian: Vanity Boot Shop, Inc.
Philadelphia: Dee's Dept. Store
Vicksburg: Frank's Boot Shop
West Point: McGaughy's of W. Point, Inc.

MISSOURI
Joplin: Boyington Shoe Store
St. Joseph: Townsend & Wall
St. Louis: Famous Barr Co.
Kansas City: Robinson's

MONTANA
Butte: Gamer's
Great Falls: The Paris
Helena: Gamer's
Missoula: Missoula Mercantile

NEBRASKA
Lincoln: Gold & Co.

NEVADA
Reno: Lloyd's

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord: Brown Shoe Co.
Dover: Carberry Shoes
Keene: Footwear Center
Manchester: McQuade's
Nashua: Lampron's

NEW JERSEY
Bergen Mall: Law Co.
Bridgton: Popkin's
Burlington: Popkin's
East Orange: R. C. Burton
Elizabeth: Mr. C.
Essex Green Plaza: Arnold Constable
Hackensack: Arnold Constable
Hackensack: Law Co.
Jersey City: Danny Mack
Morristown: Jack Decker
Mt. Holly: Popkin's
Newark: Arnold's
New Brunswick: Arnold Constable
Perth Amboy: Allyn's
Plainfield: Vogue Shoe Shop
Trenton: Arnold Constable
Trenton: Lido Shoes
Union City: Star Shoes

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque: Given Bros.
Hobbs: Given Bros.
Roswell: Lester's

NEW YORK
Astoria: Benjamin Shoes
Albany: M. Solomon
Amsterdam: Holzheimer & Shaul
Auburn: Nolans
Bay Shore H. A. Kait
Binghamton: Liberty Shoe
Binghamton: Reade Shoes
Brooklyn: Eppy's
Brooklyn: Martin's Dept. Store
Brooklyn: Waldorf Shoes
Buffalo: The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Corning: Matson's
Elmira: Rosenbaums
Flushing: Benjamin Shoes
Garden City: Martin's Dept. Store
Gloversville: Martin & Naylor
Great South Bay: Martin's Dept. Store
Hempstead, L. I.: Arnold Constable
Hornell: Seigals
Huntington: Snappy Shoes
Ithaca: Williams Shoes
Jackson Heights: Benjamin Shoes
Jamaica: Leonards
Kew Garden Hills: Dorber's
Levittown: Shoe-Nuf
Manhasset, L. I.: Arnold Constable
New Rochelle: Arnold Constable
New York City: Arnold Constable
New York City: Evelyns
New York City: Irvings
Olean: Seigals
Poughkeepsie: Friedman Shoes
Rochester: B. Forman
Schenectady: Avery Shoes
So. Hampton: The Boot Tree
Syracuse: Addis Co.
Syracuse: Park Brannock Co.
Troy: Muhlfelders
White Plains: John David

NORTH CAROLINA
Ahoskie: Fashion Shoe Store
Burlington: Goldman's
Cameron Village: Adler Shoes
Charlotte: Belks Shoe Store
Concord: Lowry's
Elizabeth City: Russell-Holmes
Fayetteville: Miss Vogue
Forest City: Young's
Gastonia: Jay Williams
Hendersonville: Holly-Swofford
Hickory: Meachum's
High Point: Libby's
Jacksonville: The Bootery
Kinston: The Bootery
Laurinburg: McNair Dept. Store
Lenoir: Gold Shop
Marion: Young's
Morgantown: Katz Dept. Store
Mt. Airy: Boyles Shoe Store
New Bern: The Bootery
Raleigh: Adler Shoes
Cameron Village: Adler Shoes
Salisbury: Phil's Shoe Store
Sanford: Rambo's Shoe Store
Wilmington: Cinderella Bootery
Wilson: Flowers Shoe Store
Winston-Salem: Belcher's

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck: The Shoe Mart
Fargo: Hall Allen Shoe Store
Fargo: R & G Bootery
Grand Forks: Rand Shoe Co.

OHIO
Akron: M. O'Neil Co.
Ashtabula: Richardson's Shoe Store
Cambridge: Gander's Shoes
Canton: Shirley's Beautiful Shoes
Cincinnati: John Shillito Co.
Cleveland: The May Co. (all stores)
Columbus: Gilbert's
Columbus: Russell's, Inc.
Coshocton: Thos. Carton Shoe Store
Dayton: Rike Kumler Co.
East Liverpool: Allen's Shoe Store
Findlay: Kuebler-Burger Shoe Store
Hamilton: Leonard Shoe Store
Marietta: Dick Kremer Shoe Store
Middletown: J. B. Roderer Shoes
Newark: McDonnell's Shoe Store
Steubenville: Major's Shoes
Springfield: Brown's Booterie
Tiffin: Kuebler-Burger Shoe Store
Toledo: Tiedtke's
Warren: Strouss-Hirschberg's
Wooster: Amster's Shoes
Youngstown: Lustig's Inc. (all stores)
Zanesville: McHenry's Shoe Store

OKLAHOMA
Ardmore: Daube's
Altus: Edward's
Cushing: Hind's
Duncan: The Princess Shop
Elk City: The Booterie
Lawton: Scott's
Muskogee: Durnil's Dept. Store
Norman: The Webb
Oklahoma City: John A. Brown Co.

OREGON
Coos Bay: The Hub
Eugene: The Bon Marche
Pendleton: C. C. Anderson

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown: Farr's
Allentown: Young's
Altoona: Shirley's
Ambridge: Davidson's Dept. Store
Beaver Falls: Taylor's Shoes
Bethlehem: Farr's
Braddock: Kramer's Shoe Store
Bristol: Popkin's
Brownsville: Kramer's Shoe Store
Butler: C. E. Miller Shoe Store
Charleroi: Kramer's Shoe Store
Cheltenham: Helen Caro
Chester: Weinbergs
Chestnut Hills: Steigerwalt's
Clearfield: Heydrick-Shugarts
Donora: Artuso Shoe Store
Easton: Farr's
Edwardsville: Walter's
Erie: Boston Shoe Store
Germantown: Rowell's
Greensburg: Royer's, Inc.
Greenville: George's Bootery
Harrisburg: Bowman's Dept. Store, Inc.
Haverford: Steigerwalt's
Hazleton: Young's
Hershey: Hershey Dept. Store
Indiana: Abrams & Son
Irwin: Cox's
Johnstown: Kline's
Lancaster: Shaub's
Lansford: Brights
Lehighton: Brights
Lemoyne: Bowman's Dept. Store, Inc.
McKeesport: Cox's
Meadville: Crawford
New Castle: Miller's Shoe Store
New Kensington: Miller Brothers
Oil City: Brody's
Philadelphia: Dalsimer's
Philadelphia: Strawbridge & Clothier
Phillipsburg: Shugarts Shoes
Pittsburgh: Kaufmann's
Pittsburgh: Sherman Boot Shop
Pottstown: Royal Shoe Store
Pottsville: Rarings
Rochester: Barnett's Booterie, Inc.
Scranton: Lewis & Reilly
Sewickley: Miller's Shoe Store
Sharon: John Reyer & Co.
St. Mary's: A. J. Ash Shoe Co.
Sunbury: Bowman's Dept. Store, Inc.
Upper Darby: Helen Caro
Upper Darby: Cousin's
Vandergrift: A. J. Ash Shoe Co.
Washington: Major's Shoe Store
Wayne: Steigerwalt's
Wilkes-Barre: Walter's Shoe Store
York: P. Wiests

RHODE ISLAND
Cranston: Park Shoe Store
Pawtucket: Staffos
Providence: The Shepard Co.
Warwick Shopping Center: Park Shoe Store
Woonsocket: Lamson & Hubbard

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston: Globe Shoe Co.
Columbia: Henry Averill Shoes
Florence: Samra's
Greenville: Ivey's
Greenwood: Bowling Bootery
Hartsville: Rambo's Shoe Store
Lancaster: Bailey-Rowell Shoe Store
Laurens: The Bootery
Newberry: Andersons Shoe Store
Spartansburg: Wright-Scruggs
Union: Bowling's Bootery
Walterboro: Novit's Shoe Store

SOUTH DAKOTA
Huron: Potter Shoe Co.
Mitchell: Feinstein's
Yankton: Bob's Shoes

TENNESSEE
Bristol: Van Dervort's
Chattanooga: Miller Bros.
Dyersburg: Schlesinger's
Elizabethton: Wallace's
Green Hills: Chester's
Greenville: Parks Belk Co.
Jackson: Wahl's Slipper Shop
Johnson City: Wallace's
Kingsport: Wallace's Darling Shop
Knoxville: Miller's
Madison: Chester's
Memphis: Goldsmith's
Nashville: Chester's
Oak Ridge: Kramer-Sturm

TEXAS
Arlington: The Fair of Texas
Brownsville: Ralph's Shoe Salon
Brownwood: Knobler's
Bryan: Lewis Shoe Store
Corpus Christi: Bill's Shoe Box
Corsicana: Big 4 Shoe Store
Dallas: A. Harris & Co.
Dallas: The Fair of Texas
Eagle Pass: M. Riskind
El Paso: Given Bros.
Fort Worth: The Fair of Texas
Galveston: Clark's Shoe Store
Grand Prairie: Watson Bros.
Harlingen: Wally's Shoes of Harlingen
Houston: Craig's Village
Houston: Craig's Gulf Gate
McAllen: Puryear's Shoes
Odessa: Given Bros.
San Angelo: Cox-Rushing-Greer
San Antonio: Chism's Shoes
San Antonio: Frank Bros.
Texarkana: Dillard's
Tyler: Mayer & Schmidt
Waco: Lewis Shoe Store
Weslaco: Wells Fashions

UTAH
Logan: The Bon Marche
Ogden: The Bon Marche
Salt Lake City: The Paris Dept. Store Co.

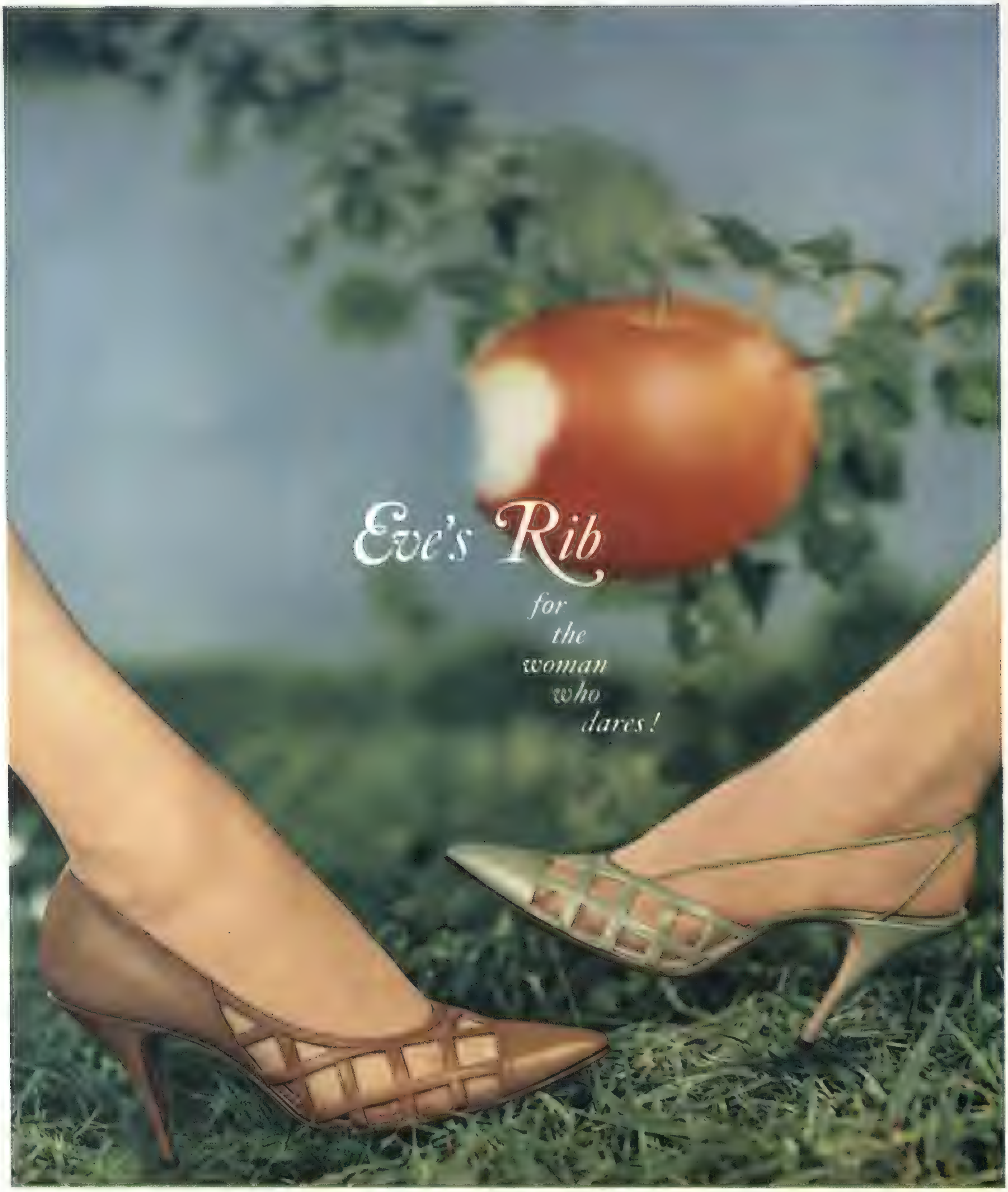
VERMONT
Burlington: Abernathy's

VIRGINIA
Arlington: Joseph DeYoung Co. Inc.
Arlington: Kann's
Charlottesville: H & M Shoes
Charlottesville: Miller & Rhoads
Danville: Marions
Franklin: Russell-Holmes
Hampton Rds: Russell-Holmes
Lynchburg: Miller & Rhoads
Newport News: Nachman's
Norfolk: Russell-Holmes
Norfolk: Russell-Holmes, Janof
Norfolk: Russell-Holmes, Wards Corner
Petersburg: Standard-James
Portsmouth: Central Shoe Store
Portsmouth: Russell-Holmes, Mid-City
Richmond: Miller & Rhoads
Richmond: Russell-Holmes, Southside
Roanoke: Miller & Rhoads
Roanoke: Sidney's
Suffolk: Russell-Holmes
Winchester: Lovett's
Virginia Beach: Russell-Holmes

WASHINGTON
Belleview: Nordstrom's
Bellingham: The Bon Marche
Bremerton: C. R. Christensen's Shoe Store
Everett: The Bon Marche
Everett: Miller's Dept. Store
Longview: The Bon Marche
Mt. Vernon: Miller's Dept. Store
Richland: C. C. Anderson
Seattle: Bon Marche
Seattle: Bon Marche Northgate
Seattle: C. R. Christensen's Shoe Store
Seattle: Nordstrom's
Seattle: Nordstrom's Northgate
Seattle: Nordstrom's University
Seattle: Rhodes
Seattle: Rhodes, Village
Spokane: The Bon Marche
Tacoma: The Bon Marche
Tacoma: Rhodes
Tacoma: Rhodes Villa Plaza
Walla Walla: The Bon Marche
Yakima: The Bon Marche
Yakima: Kohl's

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley: H & M Shoes
Bluefield: H & M Shoes
Charleston: Diamond Dept. Store
Clarksburg: Aaron's
Huntington: Bradshaw-Diehl
Morgantown: Sherman Shoes
Princeton: H & M Shoes
Welch: H & M Shoes
Wheeling: M H & M Inc.

WISCONSIN
Appleton: Jack Stewart Shoes
Beloit: E. L. Chester Co.
Capital Court: T. A. Chapman Co.
Green Bay: Jaxon's
LaCrosse: E. R. Barron Co.
Madison: Manchester's
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Milwaukee: The Grand
Milwaukee: Stuart's
Oshkosh: Newman's
Superior: Stack & Co.
Wauwautosa: The Grand
Whitefish Bay: The Grand



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Rose Carpet, $6.95



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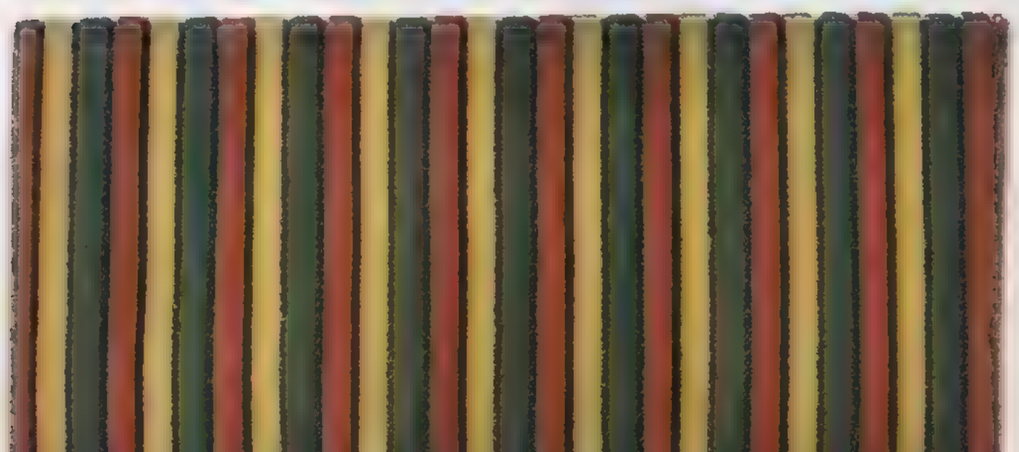
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Velvety Trails, $6.95



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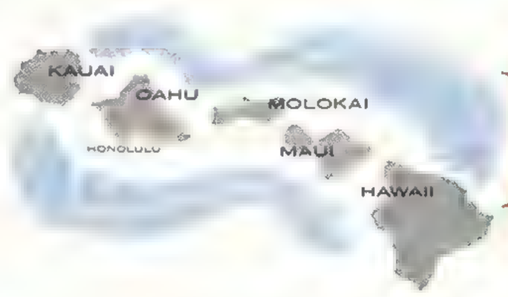
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Illustrated: Menton, a Brigance selection for Bloomcraft. PPG manufactures the yarn only, not the fabric. Photo: Jacques Simson/Pagano

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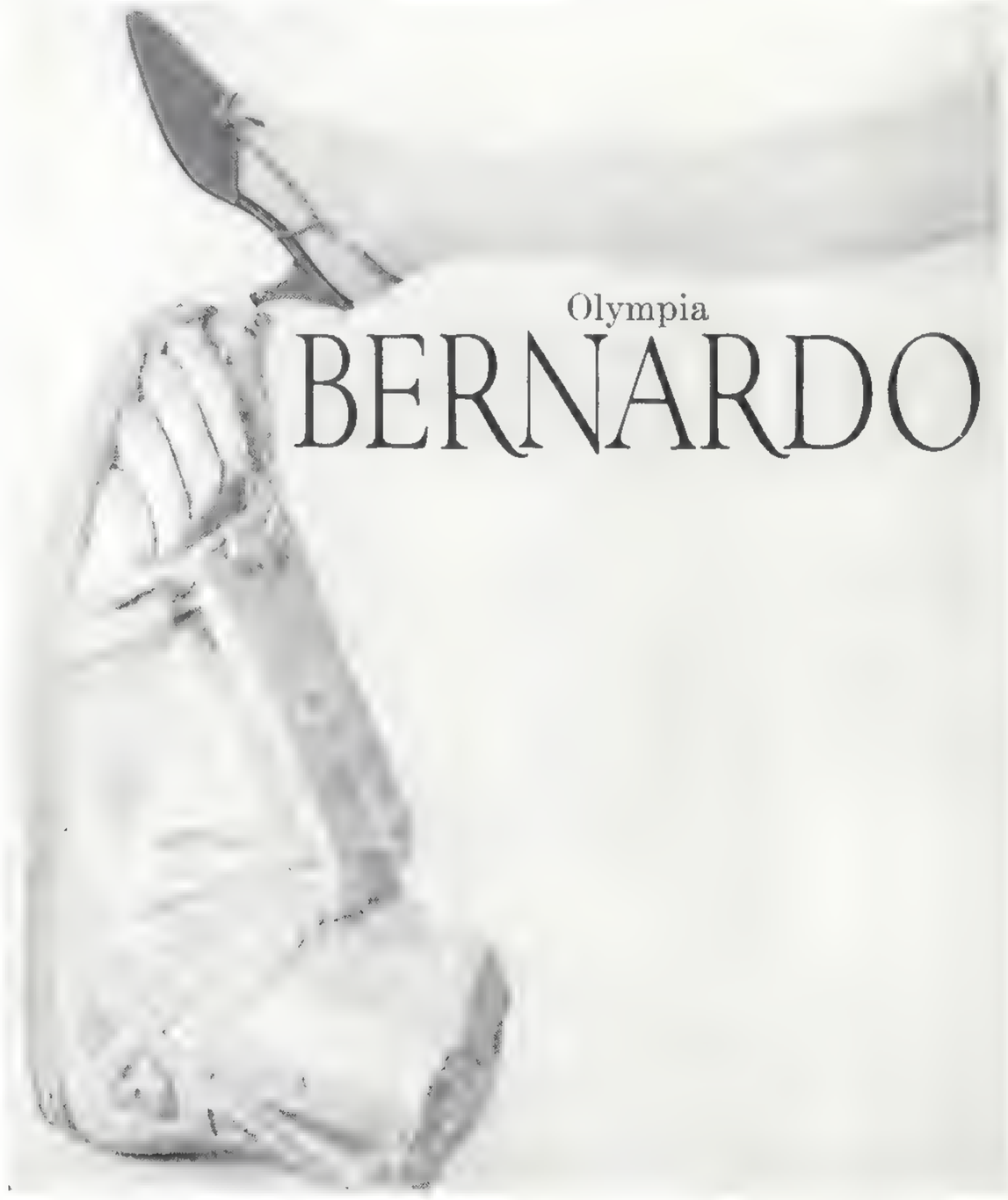
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WAUGH IN AMERICA

BY ANNE FREMANTLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Evelyn Waugh's new book,* Tourist in Africa—*not a novel, not a travelogue, but a mild account of two months going around East Africa—has just been published here by Little, Brown. In her book,* Times Three, *Phyllis McGinley has this couplet, called "The Absolute Law of Evelyn Waugh":*

"Englishmen of the upper classes
Are more amusing than the masses."

Remembering the thorns of a visit from Waugh, Anne Fremantle wrote this piece, her fifth for Vogue.

The telephone rang. An English voice, unfamiliar.

"This is Evelyn Waugh. I came in on the 'Queen Elizabeth' a few hours ago. Father D'Arcy told me to get in touch with you."

"How very nice," I replied. "I know your brother, Alec."

"You know *me*, or should," the voice chided, "we both stayed with Ellie Hyde Watts for the Grand National twenty-five years ago."

"So we did," I replied, manners brighter than memory, "somewhere in Cheshire, wasn't it? She was a bridesmaid of mine. Whatever became of her?"

"She married a baronet," the voice replied, "and has three children. I ran into her only the other day, buying stationery at Harrods."

"Is she still beautiful?"

"Very, I am glad to say. Will you lunch with me tomorrow?"

"Love to. Where?"

"Would the Plaza do? Laura and I are staying there. All taken care of by Luce money. Telephone up to my room when you arrive—1651."

"What a suitable number for a royalist."

"Battle of Worcester, wasn't it? I hadn't thought of that," he replied.

His arrival had been heralded by preliminary flutterings in New York Papist literary circles, and there had been the usual speculations—would he address this communion breakfast, would he say a few words to that Newman Club convention?

Room 1651 was no royal suite. No view. Evelyn carried the twenty-five years since our last meeting lightly. The same cherubic face, the same complexion.

"What will you drink?" he asked, greetings over. "It will have to be here. Can you drink sherry?" Upon being assured I could, we consumed comfortable amounts of Bristol Cream.

Over our caviar, Evelyn explained that Laura was lunching with her aunt, Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt. He told me a little about his early life, his publisher father, his old school, Lancing on the South Downs, where he was perpetually chilblained and always hungry. In World War II, he said he fought in the Royal Marines, and then the Horse Guards.

"Your first wife was my *bête noire* when I was a girl," I told him, "though I never met her."

"Evelyn Gardner? Why?"

"Her mother, Lady Burghclere, was a great friend of my mother, and mother was always coming back from lunching with her to sing Evelyn's praises, and tell me how much she wished I would be and behave 'like that charming Gardner girl.'"

"You didn't, did you?" Evelyn Waugh asked.

"Far from it. And when you got divorced *was* I pleased! 'Now do you still wish me to imitate Evelyn Gardner?' I asked mama triumphantly."

"Laura Herbert, my wife, is thirteen years younger than me," Evelyn said, inconsequently.

When the waiter brought the bill, Evelyn queried, "Do you really want me to sign, or is it just that you want my autograph?"

Later, when he came to dine in our railroad flat, it was illuminated by the splendour of his dinner jacket. He gallantly endured the discomfort of a buffet supper, but seemed saddened by the lack of napkins. "Use the back of your hand," I suggested.

Next time he came, we sat

(Continued on page 65)



black coffee—instant fashion... a wide-awake brown coming up so strong as a fashion color it turns just-plain-black pale with envy! Richly flattering as an outerwear shade (could you ever have said that brown wasn't your cup of tea?), black coffee in Hollywood Vassarette's undercoordinates gives you deep dark reason for wearing color undiluted next to your skin! Here, matched with an exquisite new flower-centered lace, the slimming shapes of black coffee: banded Whirlpool® bra 1865, 32-36A, 32-38B-C, 5.00; long-leg powernet pantie girdle 788 with split-hip control, S-M-L-XL, 12.95

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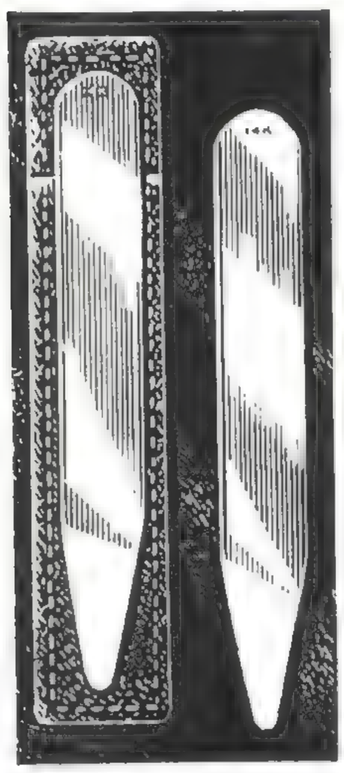
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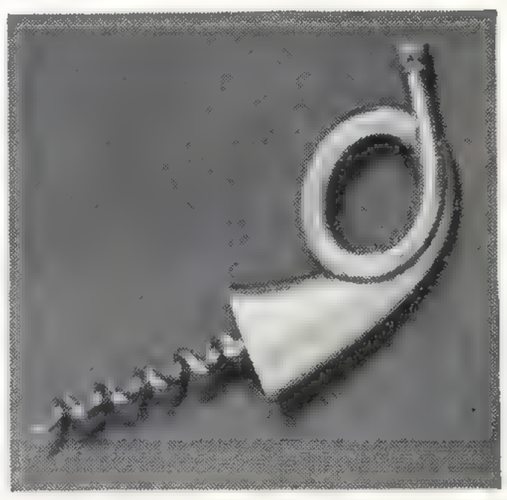
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3



4



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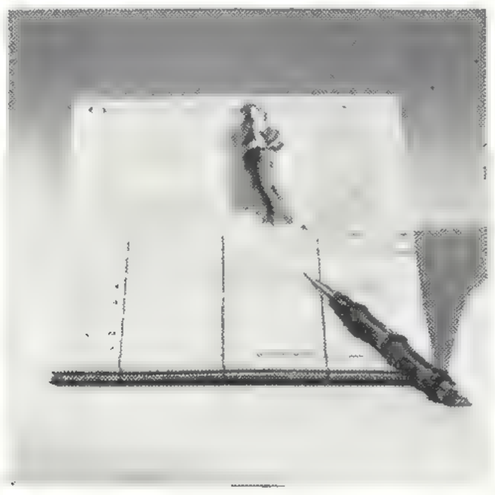
3. Long-horned unicorn to use as paperweight and paper-spear. Metal, with antique silver or bronze finish. $9.95 ppd. By Lawson & Lawson, at The Unicorn, 723 Broad St., Shrewsbury, N. J.

4. Tiny brass hunting horn: the only sound it makes is a pop—it's for pulling corks; 4½″ long, of bright handsome brass. $3.95. At Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Avenue, N. Y. 22.

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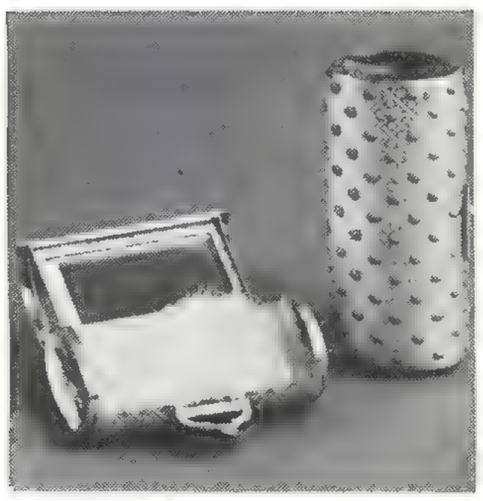
...tracking holiday cheer

5

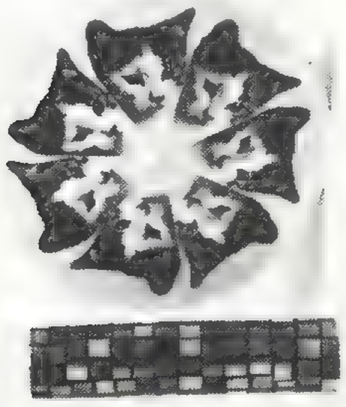


5. Beauty calendar that rations out tips, week by week, on exercise, diet, make-up. Here, advice for the week of Jan. 1. By Babs Lee: $1 ppd. Babs Lee Associates, P. O. Box 121, Highland Park, New Jersey.

6



7



6. Studded with turquoise enamel stone: tiny oval casks, one a compact, the other for cigarettes. Of Florentine finish gold plate with ends of turquoise-coloured crystal. Each, $29.95 plus tax, ppd. Dana, 515 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

7. World-shattering find: the teleidoscope, a telescope with kaleidoscopic lenses—look through it and it breaks up and rearranges a scene—with results like the flowering of cats, above. $3.95 ppd. Balinese Shop, 450 W. Colorado, Pasadena, California.

8



EVELYN MARCIL

8. Called a bombay: a little mandarin coat, hugely sashed, of green, pink, red, or blue rayon satin brocade; black rayon satin pants. Set, $19.95 ppd. (Sizes S. M. L.). Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., N. Y. 19.

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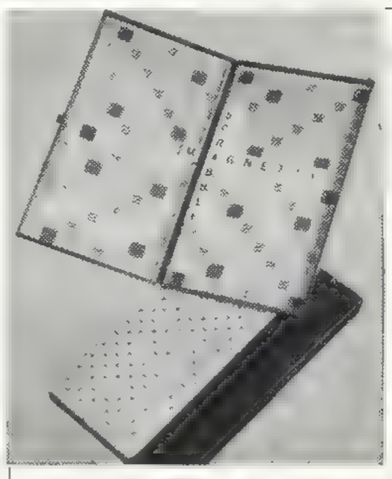


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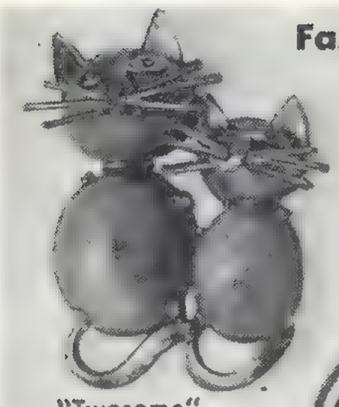
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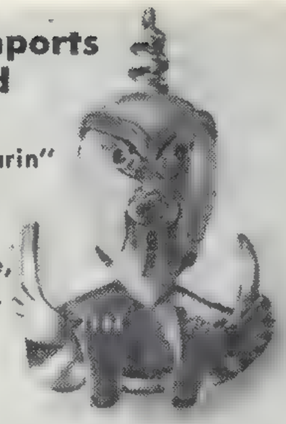


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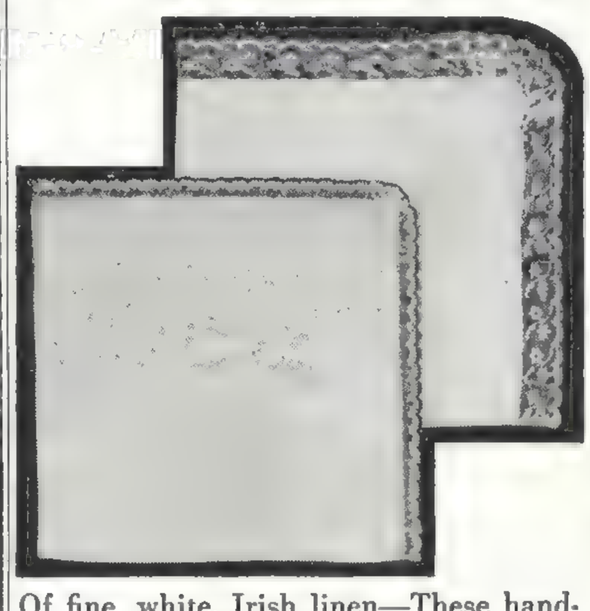
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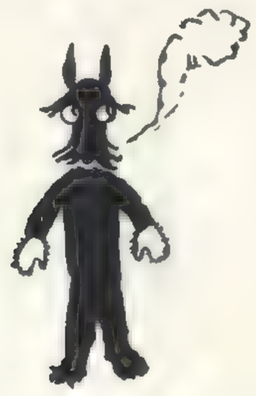
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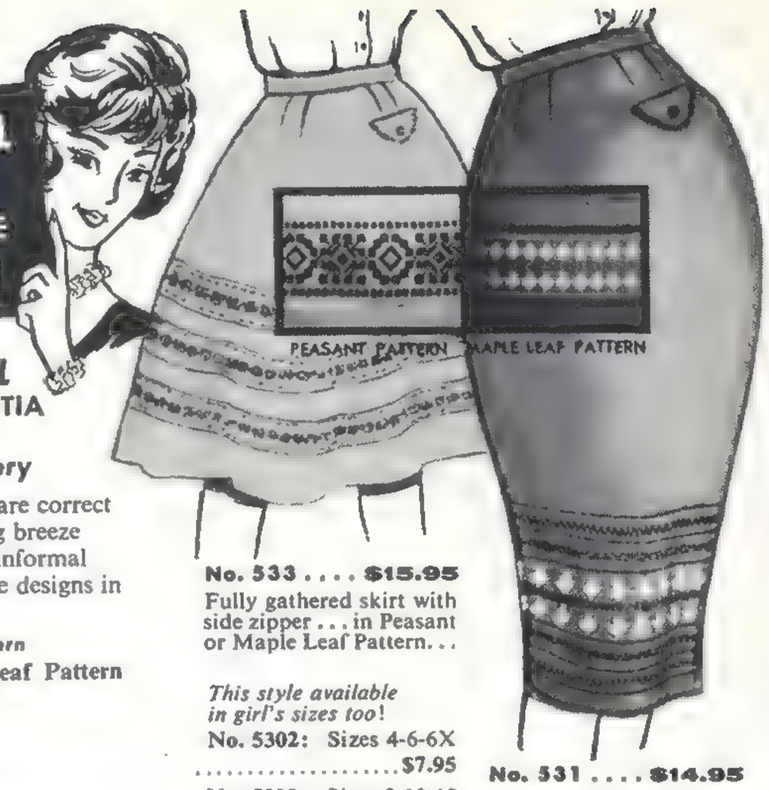
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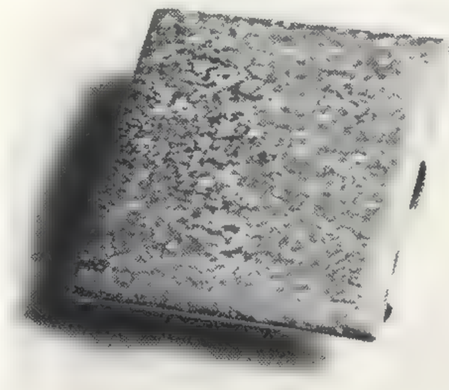
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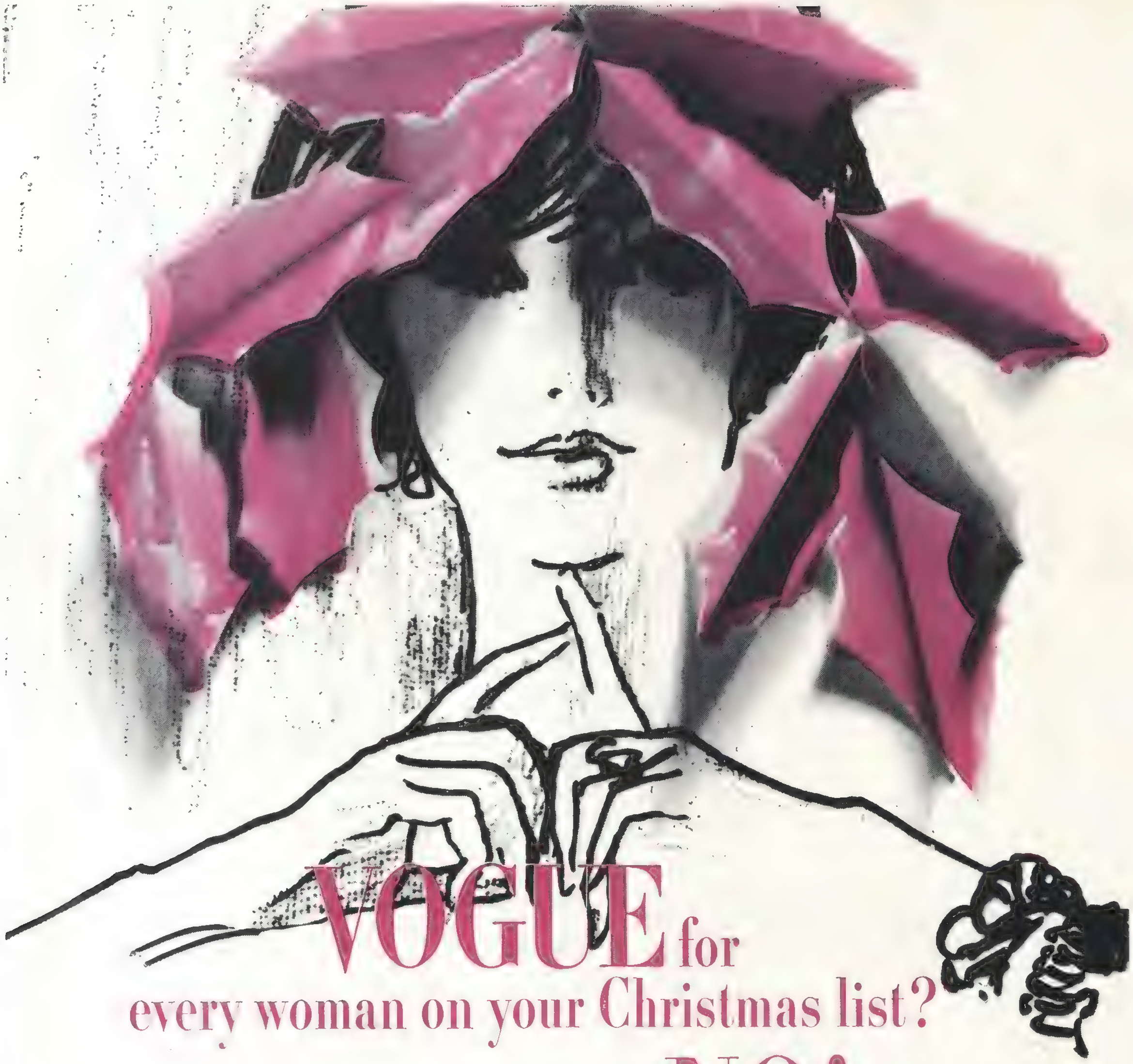
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WAUGH IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 54)

down to eat. and I remembered (too late to iron them) that I possessed some immense linen napkins, left me by my mama and dated 1907. They gave, I thought, an air to my table.

"I hope," I said, turning to Evelyn over the soup, "that you noticed that this time I have provided napkins."

"Yes indeed," he replied, "very scrumpled, aren't they?"

"I've asked Dorothy Day," he said later, "to lunch tomorrow. At Chambord. Do you think she will come?"

"Probably," I replied, "if she's not in jail for refusing to take shelter during air-raid alerts. I don't expect she knows about Chambord, and will be softened by its being on Third Avenue—her beloved bums' own avenue."

She accepted lunch, but insisted Evelyn be her guest at the *Catholic Worker*. About to drive down to the Bowery in Mrs. Henry Luce's Cadillac, and company, Evelyn phoned me. "Perhaps we had better not drive to the door? Maybe we should leave the car around the corner?" I said it would be more tactful.

I suggested to Evelyn that he should meet Jacques Maritain, and he was delighted. On my way to the Plaza to pick him up, I had a flat, and arrived breathless, lunchless, and later, to be kindly refunded the price of the repair. "After all, you're saving me a Pullman ticket to Princeton," he pointed out.

It was a cold clear winter's day as we set off through the Lincoln Tunnel, and I was feeling a sense of mission, driving a great English Catholic novelist to meet a great French Catholic philosopher. The frozen landscape was lovely, the bare trees like good bones in an old face, the rimed fields like a pretty woman's face set in a facial. I commented on the still, waiting beauty, but Evelyn, his eyes averted from the countryside, took me up with much asperity.

"I am so horrified at the dreadful thing you've done I can't possibly pay attention to *scenery*," he said with a shudder.

"What have I done?" I asked, and added, "you *must* look at those rust-coloured barns—aren't they sheer Grandma Moses?"

Silence.

"Why do the red barns

(Continued on page 66)



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WAUGH IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 65)

make you see red? What have I done?" I asked again.

"Every human being," Evelyn said, pontifically, "is born in sin. Original Sin. But every American is born in extra sin—the sin of treason to the British Crown. Of course, many are unaware of their dreadful condition: this is the reason for the well-known, oft-commented but never sufficiently explained, American inferiority complex.

"Sin," Evelyn went on, "just the simple result of sin. And you, with full consent, have deliberately committed this horrid act." (A year later when I arrived to stay with him in Gloucestershire, Evelyn opened the front door and there were his children lined up. "This," he told them, presenting me to them, "is an American. Look well, you may never see another.")

Tea with the Maritains was not a success. I steered the two great men off the Spanish Civil War, the Social Encyclicals, and several other obviously tangential points. But it was quite obvious they had no possible agreement other than participation in the same faith—they had nothing in common but their faith. The delicious *baba-au-rhum* and tea with a dash of rum was French to the last drop and crumb. Evelyn, as it was the Eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception (fast and abstinence), refused to eat, as he was saving himself for supper.

On our way from Princeton to Radnor, Pennsylvania, I did shockingly. I lost my way and took two cold hours to reach our destination. Evelyn gallantly wetted his feet repeatedly, getting out to ring obscure doorbells in remote houses perched in muddy lots. He warned that his toes might fall off from frostbite, but we finally arrived at the Henry Cliffords in time for supper.

The Italian garden tumbling down between the cypresses to the flagged pool was a perfect ski run next morning. Nineteen point eight inches of snow had fallen in the night. As our host, his children, Evelyn, and I were piling into the car for Mass, I borrowed a pair of my hostess' galoshes.

"Here are some for you," our host said, passing Evelyn a pair.

"You don't expect me to put those things *on*," came the horrified reply.

"If you don't, your feet will be even wetter than they were when you arrived last night," our host warned.

"Why," Evelyn asked, shocked, "is there no one to sweep?"

He went off across country on a lecture tour, and on his return asked me again to lunch at the Plaza. "Laura will join us after lunch," he said. "She is shopping."

"May a friend of mine, Virgilia Peterson, also join us after lunch?" I asked. "She wants you so much to go on her television program, 'The Author Meets the Critics.' "

"She can come for coffee," announced Evelyn.

We had caviar (Evelyn confessed he ate it at every meal, including breakfast), followed by braised beef watered by Cabernet. ("French wines should not be drunk here," Evelyn announced, "they are frozen en route, and shaken, and arrive undrinkable. The local brew is perfectly acceptable.") This was followed by American Brie for me, a meringue for him. Evelyn said that the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemani, where he visited Thomas Merton, impressed him most of anything he had seen in the U.S.A.

"I edited the English edition of *Seven Storey Mountain*," he said, and went on. "I was a bit taken aback when the Abbot, bidding me farewell, said, 'Wish you'd given us more notice of your coming, my dear fellow. Would have gotten you to talk to the boys.' What," he asked with a comic gesture of despair, "would a successful English novelist have to say to a covey of American contemplative novices? Perhaps this country's true vocation is silence. It has such a need of it."

At this point Virgilia joined us.

"Go away," Evelyn told her, "I'm still eating. Come back at three."

On the dot, she obediently returned.

"Why did you come back?" Evelyn asked her, as he poured her some coffee.

"I suppose because I'm a masochist," replied Virgilia, "but also because I wish to ask you if you would do us the honour of speaking on The Author Meets the Critics?

"How much do I get?" asked Evelyn. "Would you give me $500 to give to Dorothy Day?"

"I'm afraid you get nothing," Virgilia said firmly, "our authors are *guests*."

"Do *you* get paid?"

"Yes I do," she said. "It's the way I make my living."

"Could you not do something else? Domestic service, for example? There's a great shortage of domestic servants here, I believe."

"I do that at home," Virgilia replied, "but no one pays me."

"Isn't Howdy-Doody also on your program?" Evelyn asked.

"Why yes, he is, or rather the man who waggles him."

"Do you mean to say," Evelyn went on in real anger, "that you pay a beastly puppet and would not pay me? I will certainly *not* speak for you."

A moment or so after Virgilia had left, Laura joined us.

Next day, I opened my pressure cooker too soon, and the chicken and rice blew up in my face, reaching (and spoiling), also, the ceiling. Evelyn had asked me to dine a week later with Mrs. Henry Luce before a talk he was giving on Belloc and Chesterton. When I arrived, still skinless and tomato-faced, and shook hands with Mrs. Luce for the first time, "I think, my dear, you'd feel better in a veil," she told me, and left off greeting her guests to take me to her room and lend me a pretty sequin-spangled affair in which, as she so rightly had surmised, I felt much better.

Evelyn sent me off after the lecture to look for sleeping pills. "I am sailing early tomorrow morning and must have some tonight," he said. I scurried from drugstore to drugstore, and finally located a furtive fellow who produced something from a surreptitious drawer, with which I returned in triumph.

"This is no earthly use," Evelyn said lugubriously, after reading the directions. "It's full of valerian. The only function of that is to attract cats. And there's a warning on it that an overdose will produce eruptions. No use at all."

He kept it, however, and sent me a pen and ink self-portrait of himself, on a postcard, leaving the "Queen Elizabeth" at Southampton, pursued by a posse of all the ship's cats and absolutely covered in spots.

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What have you heard about METRECAL* the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-half pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water or four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. This provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration.

In addition to the half-pound can, Metrecal powder is now available in the 3½-pound economy-size can. The new Metrecal liquid is packaged in eight-ounce cans—each provides a convenient individual meal.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

*Metrecal is Mead Johnson & Company's brand of dietary for weight control.

Mead Johnson
Symbol of service in medicine

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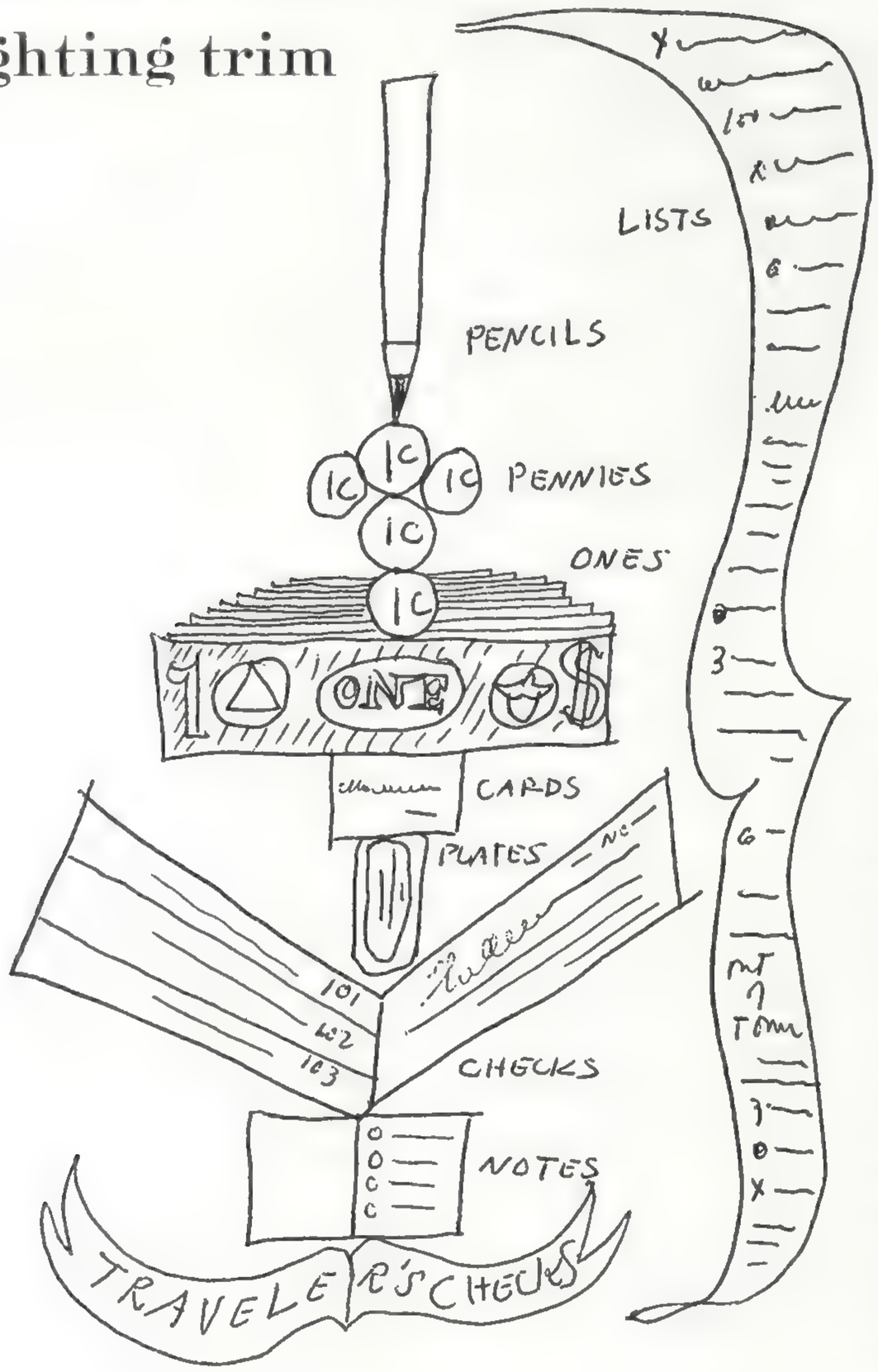

BELLODGIA
CARON
PARIS
FRANCE
Caron
Bellodgia
subtly distinctive

© Caron, 1959

VOGUE

NOVEMBER 15, 1960

Vogue's eye view of getting your handbag in fighting trim



The six weeks before Christmas can be—if you play it right—exhilarating, or they can be something best described by General Sherman. What counts, we feel, is smoothing out small snags and bottlenecks right now. For instance, the particularly traumatizing hassle that goes on with your handbag when the simplest probe for a house-key involves flaking through dozens of aging receipts and grocery cues. Stripped for action, the all-day handbag should carry: a small amount of cash, including ten one-dollar bills, pennies for odd and assorted taxes; checkbook; identification; charge-account plates; lists—of presents—organized on the in-town, out-of-town plan; personal cards to leave at shops where presents can be mailed; address book; traveler's checks for offbeat shopping (they're safer than cash, almost as useful); extra pencils and paper for ideas that come to you over a glass of Metrecal or under the drier. And finally, some warm and restful paperback (e.g., C. P. Snow's *The Conscience of the Rich*) to restore your mental equilibrium when Shopping and Duty have sent it reeling. For more facts about handbags see page 145.

New jewels: the great stone fakes





BERT STERN

Starting here, ten pages of new ideas in big-jewel fakery. Crystallized above, a new necklace idea: the long rope with beady tassel. These ropes, crystal beads, one with a tassel of jet beads capped in rhinestones. Both by Hattie Carnegie; with tassel, about $20; without, about $16, both plus tax. At Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

What jewellery is doing now: thinking big, in great blazing pieces that are fake and make no stones about it, but look frankly marvellous—fakery and all. Necklaces have two kinds of new bigness: one, the long rope that tied up many Paris and New York collections this season; it hangs almost to the waist, then bursts into a sky-rocket-like tassel. This, perhaps, in seed pearls, jet, or black silk beads for day; in bolder glitter and colour for night. (Examples of both are on this page.) The other big necklace look now is the collar of jewels that spreads stones nearly shoulder-to-shoulder; this, often so brilliant that it seems Thomas Edison must have had something to do with it, and practically always for evening—to be worn with a bare dress that dips below the jewels, or a high-necked one that rises above them. (These, two page-turns forward.) Pins are outdoing themselves, as the next page will show—sham-bang stones designed in fascinating jewel-punctuation that any suit could play along with advantageously. Earrings have new importance too (see cover), looking often like scale-models of great chandeliers, sparked with coloured lights, and worn with bone-simple evening dresses. Directions for wearing all this magnificence might read something like the caution on a sun-lamp: watch timing, and not too much at once.

Left, four rope-and-tassel necklaces for day or late day.

First, top: Three strands of jet beads, tassel of jet, crystal, pearl—all fakes. By Laguna: $35*. Bloomingdale's.

Second: A single strand of rhinestones, fake pearls, and coloured beads with ball-drop of rhinestones. A Nina Ricci design for Bergère; about $13*. Bonwit Teller.

Third: Long rope of jet beads, facet-cut for extra sparkle, that fall to an oval jet-bead drop. By Hattie Carnegie; about $8* at Bergdorf Goodman.

Fourth: Red enamelled beads with fake pearls and gilt beads, tasseled with a mixture of everything. By Castlecliff; $30* at Bergdorf Goodman.

Brilliant rope and sky-rocket tassel, an evening necklace (right) with fake versions of emeralds, turquoises, sapphires, rubies, pearls, and amber—some opaque, some sparkling. This, a case where the necklace wears the dress, which must be uncompetitive. By Brania; about $90* at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Brilliant rosiness: Wild Rose Pink lipstick by John Robert Powers. *PLUS TAX

BERT STERN





1

Think about the biggest blaze of glitter you've ever owned. Now think bigger. That will give you one idea of present pin-proportions. This galaxy—photographed big as life—will give you another. 1. Long-stemmed carnation with sinuous shimmery leaves. By Joseph Mazer; $20*. Bonwit Teller. 2. Square of rhinestones and fake turquoise leavened with bogus jade and a bolt of blue (and holding at least some of its fire for a tweed of deepest purple). By Brania; $30*. Bonwit Teller. 3. Chunks of amethyst striped with little mounds of cerise. Only the fashion is authentic; the stones are hokum. By Schreiner; $20*. Lord & Taylor. 4. Yellow-tipped rhinestone petals—one of the night-blooming species of sunflower. By Trifari; $35*. Saks Fifth Avenue. 5. A great big dazzling magnolia, topped with assorted goodies. By Marvella; $25*. At Bonwit Teller. 6. Antiqued gilt with fake topaz-lighting, a doorknob's cushiony plumpness. (The spirits of almost any clear-thinking tweed would be lifted instantly by its presence.) By Sandor Goldberger; $25*, Saks Fifth Avenue. 7. Rhinestone star of Betelgeuse magnitude—or so it might seem on, say, black crêpe, slinky and plain. By Eisenberg; $50*. Bergdorf Goodman. 8. Fake topazes and baroque pearls—a starfish with stars in its eyes, and still another star putting its patent deliciousness to the test: Suzy Parker is the jewel-cruncher here. Vendôme pin; $30*. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. *PLUS TAX

2

3

4

5

6

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8

BERT STERN





A wreath-collar (left) with a large cast of bead-types: fake pearls, red bugle beads, green and blue beads, rhinestone balls, green pear-shaped drops. About $100* at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Soft-lit lipstick played against the intense jewel colours —Revlon's Ultima Port-au-Pink.

*PLUS TAX

High-candlepower collar that's solidly rhinestones—to be worn by any woman who doesn't mind facing a spotlight. To wear with it: a quietly superb dress; any other form of jewellery must, of course, bow out. By Hattie Carnegie; about $100* at Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Michel of Helena Rubinstein.

BERT STERN

Jewelled collar that, perhaps, descended from the abacus—gilt chain lattice supporting rows of red beads that might be taken for garnets, are really fakes. To wear with a dress that's either distinctly bare, or very covered. By Richelieu; about $15 plus tax. At Altman's; Hutzler's; Himelhoch's.

BERT STERN



INVESTMENT
CLOTHES-PLAN:

If you were choosing four MAINBOCHERS...



If (dreamy thought) you were choosing four Mainbochers—here, and on the next two pages, are four you might choose; each, in a different category, representing Main's supreme talent for designing clothes with a long fashion-life. Together they form a nucleus for any contemporary wardrobe. *Left:* The Main suit in pale wool, for day and late-day—assisted by one of the ineffable Main blouses. Suit, in soft cross-woven jersey that looks like tweed, grey and darker grey; blouse, white satin, sleeveless. This is the suit's late-day look; at lunch time, you might wear it with a silk sweater. *Right:* The Main coat, that goes in and out of town, travels all over the world, and looks superb everywhere. Beige wool, lined with beige surah; shown here over the beige wool jersey dress designed to wear with it.



KAREN RADKAI

MAINBOCHER

clothes-plan *continued*



Making the evening points in this clothes plan: one long dress, one short dinner dress and jacket, both breath-takingly beautiful. If you chose either or both of these, you would be investing in long years of unruffled fashion satisfaction. *Far left:* White and gold lamé cut with absolute simplicity—the famous Mainbocher simplicity that never palls. A long and glittery sheath with a slightly flaring skirt, a quick twist of belt. *Near left:* The dinner suit, chez Main, is more often a dress and jacket like this—in silvered white damask; the dress sleeveless, high-necked, easy-skirted; the jacket longish, collarless. It all looks so simple—but doing it is another matter; a matter known to no one so well as Mainbocher. All four Mainbocher costumes, on these four pages, made to order.

KAREN RADKAI

The Midas

When I was nine or ten years old and first began to read the Greek myths, the story of Midas always troubled me. At that age I read the myths as simple fiction, unaware of any deeper meaning, symbolic, historical, or archaeological. However, Midas disconcerted me, for how could anyone, especially a king, be stupid enough to wish that everything he touched would turn to gold?

I pictured him sitting, hungry, at his banquet table, confronted by steaks and sherbets which changed to lustrous, inedible gold the moment he touched them. I saw him picking a rose in the garden of his Phrygian palace, raising it to his nose to sniff its perfume, only to see that it had become glittering and metallic but utterly without fragrance. I imagined him walking by the beach—surely a kingdom with a name as romantic as Phrygia was not landlocked—and lifting a shell to his ear, to find that it had lost the magic echo of the sea.

Surely Midas was myopic not to have foreseen his hideous fate; however, it was not his shortsightedness which annoyed me the most but the fact that he was rich to begin with. He was a king, after all, and to me at the age of ten, as, I think to the generations who composed the myths, kings were by definition rich.

Nevertheless, Midas' fate has pertinence not only for the rich, but for everyone who lives comfortably beyond the bite of necessity. Moreover, it does not apply exclusively to the greedy; Midas was not an avaricious man—here is the subtlety of the myth—so much as he was a man who had ceased to love and value the world about him for its own intrinsic nature, its use, and beauty; he was a man who had ceased to see and hear and smell and feel and taste. This was why he could imagine that the rose and the shell would be more pleasing if they were other than themselves.

In this country we all run the risk of becoming modern Midases. We buy masterpieces of technology which add time, comfort, and convenience to our lives. The blessings of ease and leisure, however, are sometimes bought at the price of limiting the ability of our five senses to experience. The car that gets us "there" sooner moves so fast that it is hard to take in more than superficially the landscape and houses and people along the road. We hurtle down a highway in the bland solitude of a glareproof, chrome-plated, leatherette-lined cell, but the speed is a number on a dial rather than a physical sensation of motion and travel. Moreover, all these technical masterpieces, airplanes, trucks, or air conditioners, make so much noise that we are partially deafened most of the time; it is all we can do to hear a sparrow in the bush outside our window or the sound of a human voice in the same room with us.

None of this would matter if the workings of our five senses were not so important to an awareness of our own being. There is no turning back or away from an ever more urban, industrial world in which our ears are deafened and our other senses numbed. However, within our private lives (and, perhaps, in whatever fragmentary fashion we can influence the public world) we can try to see that our senses are not inhibited or paralyzed—that we smell and taste our food, hear the voices of our friends, travel at a speed we can feel. When our senses are blunted, even the gold of Midas can not recompense us.

The odours of brass polish and cut grass are among my earliest and most nostalgic memories. The bathroom taps and faucets in my grandmother's house were made of brass and required frequent cleaning, especially in damp weather when the salt wind blew in off Long Island Sound. As a small child I could lie on my bed "taking a nap" and catch the eye-watering ammonia smell of Noxon—the favoured polish—lingering after the morning's cleaning and mingling with the sweet fragrance of the grass being mowed beneath the window. Yet it is not these odours in themselves which I remember so much as a certain day—I must have been about four years old—when I arrived at the house for the summer and, catching a first whiff of polish and grass, realized that I had smelled them before in previous summers too deep in childhood to remember, then or now. I can still recall the priceless sense of homecoming, of place, and relationship to place which that first memory of smell gave me.

Although it is probably a quite personal quirk, listening is often adventurous for me, whereas smelling, as in the case of grass and brass polish, is associated with a sense of home. Perhaps I feel this way since, being most unmusical, I have to listen very hard to hear a passage of Bach or Vivaldi. When I listen, however, to the sounds of the natural world, I feel most adventurous: the thin squeak of a bat, which I can only just hear, makes me think of the realms of sound beyond my range.

Last autumn, in the west of Ireland, I went out every evening with my husband and his shooting companions to a "flash" as the country people call a small pond or wet place where waterfowl come down for the night, waiting to fly in until it is so dark that only the keenest eye can see their shape on the water.

Each evening, long after a salmon sunset had faded to pale green and then to violet in the west, when I was quite sure the ducks were not coming that night, one of our companions would whisper, "There they are; the heavies," or "The light ones this time." A moment later ripples would glisten on the flash. For days I thought he was seeing the duck as they came in and I strained my eyes to pick out their silhouettes against the darkening sky. Then, on one particularly still night, I realized that he was catching the sound of

BY PHYLLIS LA FARGE

in you

their wingbeats, and that I, too, if I listened very closely could make out an almost inaudible vibration, a little deeper for the heavier mallards, a little higher for the lighter teal. The sound scarcely protruded out of silence, but nothing has ever drawn me closer to a world beyond my own.

For the spirit, I sometimes feel that the visual world is the equivalent of breath to the body or water to a fish—so taken for granted that I do not think of myself as seeing, any more often than I think of myself as breathing. If, however, my vision is over-channelled or inhibited, or if the world around me is somehow impoverished visually, my spirit will have a hard time getting its breath.

There is a large plaza, a few blocks from where I live. Most of the plaza is a raw, dusty excavation, but there is one new building, the first of several with which the city fathers hope to immortalize their tenure. To judge by that building, a rectilinear cement hulk with small windows squinting out of horizontal black bands resembling lengths of masking tape, the other buildings will be in Mussolini's favourite style of monolithic blankness. I have no doubt that the men who commissioned and approved such a building are Midas-minded to an extraordinary degree. If they had not exchanged their ability to see for an empty set of images, they could not be content with a building that is no more than a barren stereotype.

As I hurry across the plaza, I find myself calling to mind every beautiful place I have ever seen, as if their memory could sustain me. Deeper than the memories of beautiful buildings is the vision of an old quarry in the Connecticut woods where I wandered as a child. Blocks of granite had been hewn out of the wooded hillside leaving large rectangular grey pits, some large and deep, some shallow.

Following the slope of the hill and the grain of the stone, they made the area they covered into something that was part architecture, part sculpture. The moment I saw them I wanted to crawl down into them to examine their surfaces and feel about me their space, just about the size of a child's playhouse.

Moreover, I wanted to run my fingers over the lichen-crusted walls and feel the five curious fool's-cap peaks of the columbine which carpeted the pits. For me the sight of a leaf has always been an inducement to touch it, to feel the ribbed veins of its underside, not simply for the sensuous pleasure of doing so but for the knowledge that comes through the fingers. Pianists remember compositions in their hands as well as in their heads. A cook can tell by the feeling of the dough whether she has kneaded it enough. Yet "untouched by human hands" is one of the proud mottoes of the modern Midas.

If, however, it were only the marvels of the palpable world that the modern Midas is missing, his plight would not be as serious as it is. The truth is that he is cut off from his fellow man just as much as he is from the sparrow in the bush outside his window. The workings of heart and mind are intermittent, slow, and erratic but Midas expects of himself and others the speed and regularity of the telephone. He lacks the patience true conversation requires.

Worst of all, Midas tends to see others according to stock images. He lacks the open, flexible readiness of eye and mind which looks for the marks of humour and intelligence in a face, rather than a general aura of clean-cutness or reliability; a keen ear which values the pithy, concrete expression over an empty phrase of officialese; a cultivated longing for the real thing which craves the painting not the reproduction, Rome and not a snapshot of Rome.

Sensuous awareness of the concrete, renewed as it must be from moment to moment, could insure, in so far as we practise it within our ordinary lives, that we are constantly responsive to those around us. It could keep us from pigeonholing people as "career women," "the younger generation," "bohemians," or whatever other category we favour for the moment.

I wonder, finally, if the extraordinary amount of vicarious experience with which we are bombarded does not cripple our capacity for responding to those about us. Newspapers, the radio, and television keep us in touch with every part of the world. The movies furnish our emotional lives with rich parentheses of entertainment. The great danger is that true experience may seem colourless in contrast to the vicarious; that the maple tree in one's own back yard may not seem worth a second glance in contrast to a coloured snapshot of bougainvillaea; that love and friendship, never more than partially successful, may seem less satisfying than happy-ending, cinematographic emotions.

In the second part of the Midas myth the satyr Marsyas bets Apollo that he can play the lyre more beautifully than the god himself. King Midas is appointed to judge the contest. Midas listens to both god and satyr play and in due course awards Marsyas the prize. Wrathful, Apollo changes Midas' ears to those of an ass. Divine playing can have no peer; Midas was deluded as always.

But more important, if one can judge by the ass's ears, Midas forfeited a part of his humanity when he made the wrong choice. The myth seems to be saying that the keenness and discretion of his sensuous awareness have much to do with raising man above the level of an ass. The satyr's strumming is fool's gold; Apollo's music is the true coin of experience.



what's so special about *Pink*

Everything is, to answer the question all at once—and now, anywhere, any weather, more than ever. We've never, first of all, known a woman whose face didn't light up at the prospect of some form of pink: if the frail pink at left doesn't do it for you, there's an excellent chance that the pink on the next page will—that pink throbs with cyclamen; or one of the new soft pink jersey dresses or suits that are rife in fashion now. And, not that a colour needs much more than flattery to recommend it, but pink happens to have exactly that much more: an altogether endearing way, for instance, of popping up North or South in the dead of winter and looking completely right either place (the dress at left might be all the solutions to little-dinner dressing in town this minute; would be just the ticket for an afternoon at Hialeah). Furthermore, if you're one of those women who can hear the voice of the turtle though the calendar distinctly says 11/15, know this: when the weather turns unexpectedly limpid and spring-like, pink, under fur, has all the answers. Come to that, why put it off: pink under fur has just that zing of deliciousness that's news—and no waiting.

Left: Pink silk crêpe with pleats, a scarf knotted over the overblouse. Dress, by Maurice Rentner, of Bianchini fabric; about $200. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. The lipstick's bright inclinations: Pink Mood by Antoine.

Pink silk Honan with a vibrant cyclamen edge to the pinkness and the kind of fluid uncluttered prettiness that's just what's wanted any little-evening of the week here and now. (Little-afternoons in a warmer climate, of course, the need for it would be felt just as keenly.) Dress designed by Adele Simpson, of Julius Werk silk; about $125. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Wm. H. Block; and Blum's, Chicago.

special about *Pink*



Picture of a woman who's just this minute arrived South—she's discarded the fur she wore on the jet, and will probably switch from the dark-brown shoes she started with to a pair of bone-coloured opera pumps. The suit stays: a clear brilliance of pink; easy jacket, slim skirt. By Handelsman & Raiffe, of Anglo worsted éponge; about $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's. Hat by Emme.

special about

Pink

Pink crêpe overblouse and skirt look with an uncanny responsiveness to all invitations that run, "Nobody's dressing, but..." In a more genial climate, invitations couldn't matter less—any mild and summery afternoon is grist to this pink-mill. One-piece dress, by Edward Abbott, of rayon and acetate (Onondaga fabric); about $80. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

KURTS

Pink at the height of its persuasiveness—very mauved, very poetic, yards of silk chiffon. Not shown, the little cashmere and wool jersey jacket that comes with it, the deep mulberry strip-sandals that don't—but ought to, we think. By Herbert Sondheim, of Bianchini fabric; about $250. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Lipstick: Coty's Riviera Pink.



Mere-everything furs—their round new shapes

Chinchilla and sable coats with news in their softly rounded shapes, slightly lifted lengths, and simplified manners. *Left:* For evening, a chinchilla coat with its cool soft shadings worked laterally into a parentheses-shape. This, a bit above full length, with no collar, short sleeves. By Maximilian, of Empress chinchilla; also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. *Right:* The sable most—a three-quarter coat that's casual about its magnificence, made simply enough (shawl collar, skins around) for day or evening. Here, it's over a white brocaded silk evening dress. Coat by Maximilian, of natural Russian Crown sable; also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Fabulous (sabulous?) hair-colour for sable: a temporary hair colour rinse—Lucky Copper, by Roux.

KAREN RADKAI





Silver from Paris—
a marvellous glitter-dress
by Ricci, with a !-shaped
neckline dotted with a knot,
a wide band of mink above the hem.
More dazzle: make-up by
Jacqueline Cochran.

PENN



french assembly of pinks
in a satin evening dress with palest
pink top, long skirt of magnified
gingham-checks. By Cardin;
at I. Magnin.
Make-up with a pink satin glow,
by Stendhal.



A "PETROUCHKA" FANTASY BY BRUEHL-BOURGES
FROM THE NEW "VANITY FAIR" ANTHOLOGY

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The lift of spirit on all sides now that the Presidential election is decided. . . . The brilliance of the black-stockinged, wan-faced Joan Plowright and of blond, fancy Angela Lansbury in the amusing, touching oddity, *A Taste of Honey*. . . . The remarkable exhibition, *Masterpieces of Flemish Art: Van Eyck to Bosch*, at The Detroit Institute of Arts to which some of the objects have been moved from mediaeval churches. . . . The black-out wit, improvised, exact in accent, during the sharp fun of *An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May*. . . . The elastic uses of the Warren Miller phrase, "A Know-nothing Intellectual."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The full-scale pageantry of the play, *Becket*, that flight from history, in which Sir Laurence Olivier does a cool courtier turned Archbishop of Canterbury, and Anthony Quinn as Henry II, King of England, sounds at times, in his arguments with the bishops, like Lucky Luciano giving orders to the jukebox hoods, at times pathetic, particularly in a winter hunting scene reminiscent of a Sassetta painting with Quinn and Olivier on extraordinary horses. . . . The counterpoint of martial beat (the Seventh Cavalry) and the whine of Larry Verne on the record, "Mr. Custer": "Hey, Mr. Custer, do you mind if I be excused the rest of the afternoon?" . . . The christening presents given to the daughter of the great Austrian conductor, Herbert von Karajan, by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and twenty-five of the Vienna Philharmonic orchestra: two seats at their concerts all her life, starting when she is eight.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the fascinations of the exhibition of objects and clothing of the Saharan nomads; because fat is a sign of wealth, the wives of chiefs drink over fifteen quarts of milk a day. . . . "The Flintstones," an adult television cartoon about a Stone Age family who live in Bedrock, dance at Rockland, play a Stoneway piano, and, naturally, drive on roads that gather no moss. . . . This demented movie description on a Broadway marquee: "Heterosexual explosion!" . . . More fun from Jean Kerr: fifteen forays (two of these essays appeared first in Vogue), collected in the book, *The Snake Has All the Lines*, in which Mrs. Kerr starts out by saying "I make mistakes; I'll be the second to admit it." *(Continued on page 149)*

IN THE NEW BOOK, "VANITY FAIR: A CAVALCADE OF THE 1920'S AND 1930'S," there is a medley of pleasures from Vanity Fair, that impudent, intelligent magazine, the great fun-loving member of the Condé Nast group. (In 1936 Vanity Fair and Vogue melded.) One of the beauties in the book is this fantasy of "Petrouchka," the superb Stravinsky-Fokine ballet. The three puppet dancers: Tamara Toumanova as the Ballerina, David Lichine as the Blackamoor, and Leon Woizikovsky as Petrouchka, the Clown. With an astute eye for nostalgia, the anthology editors, Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee, have included 143 articles and stories, over 450 photographs and drawings. Among them are some wonderful early Steichens, some superb colour photographs by those colour pioneers, the Bruehl brothers and Fernand Bourges, some of the early works of Aldous Huxley, Robert Sherwood, and Dorothy Parker whose first published poem (part of it is on the next page) appeared in Vanity Fair in 1917. She received five dollars from its brilliant editor, Frank Crowninshield, who looked pretty much like Sir Max Beerbohm—but taller. They had the same kind of wit, a small scratch, like a vaccination. It always took. Frank Crowninshield had three incalculable qualities, enthusiasm, open-mindedness, and editorial courage. Those qualities influenced Americans in many ways—partly by exposing them to colour reproductions of the most extreme art of the time—Picasso, Dufy, Matisse, Rouault, Gauguin, among others. The Crowninshield range as an editor was as wide as the range of his friends. One evening in New York he dined with Victoria Eugenia, ex-Queen of Spain and then kept an appointment with Gypsy Rose Lee, in rehearsal, bringing with him Coca-Cola for the chorus. The Queen did not know where he was going nor Miss Lee where he had been.

On the next four pages: some Vanity Fair diversions, including Dorothy Parker, Edward E. Paramore, Jr., Robert Benchley, Frank Sullivan, W. Somerset Maugham.



MURAY

WINSTON CHURCHILL, 1931. Nine years before Churchill became Prime Minister, Harold Nicolson wrote in Vanity Fair, "Winston Churchill is the most interesting man in England. . . . He is a man who leads forlorn hopes, and when the hopes of England become forlorn, he will once again be summoned to leadership."

Who's Zoo?

THE SISTERS YOUNG, Loretta, Sally (Blane), and Polly Ann were included in a 1931 gambol that matched up animal photographs with people photographs: Alexander Woollcott and an owl, President Hoover and a bulldog, Albert Einstein and a poodle.

Loretta, Sally
And Pollyann.
Are fluffy,
Sweet Young kittens.
But they'd scratch
The hide off any man
Who asked them
To work for a pittens.

FROM THE "VANITY FAIR" ANTHOLOGY *continued*

Men: A Hate Song

DOROTHY ROTHSCHILD (PARKER)

I hate men.
They irritate me.

I

There are the Serious Thinkers—
There ought to be a law against them.
They see life, as through shell-rimmed glasses, darkly.
They are always drawing their weary hands
Across their wan brows.
They talk about Humanity
As if they had just invented it;
They have to keep helping it along.
They revel in strikes
And they are eternally getting up petitions.
They are doing a wonderful thing for the Great Unwashed,—
They are living right down among them.
They can hardly wait
For *The Masses* to appear on the newsstands,
And they read all those Russian novels—
The sex best sellers. . .



COVARRUBIAS

Impossible Interview (1932)

Greta Garbo versus Calvin Coolidge

GRETA *(who has been keeping cool with Cal):* You haf been here three hours, and what haf you said? Nothink, absolutely *nothink*. CAL: Words are cheap. There are over four hundred and fifty-five thousand four hundred and twenty-three words, not counting vowel sounds, in the Webster's Standard Dictionary. But it was not words that made this great country what it is today. It was actions. Actions speak louder than words. It is possible to calculate that there have been four hundred and sixty-four major actions. GRETA: Stop! *(A half-hour's silence.)* CAL: Stop what? GRETA: Stop talking. I wish to t'ink. *(Three-quarters of an hour elapse.)* CAL: And, what do you think, Miss Garbo? GRETA: I t'ink I go home. CAL: Oh, Miss Garbo! *(The next silence lasts an hour.)* Wal, I reckon that whether I choose to or not, I must run. The missus is waiting. GRETA: Vel, I'm sick of this argument anyway.

CECIL BEATON



The Ballad of Yukon Jake

Begging Robert W. Service's Pardon

EDWARD E. PARAMORE, JR.

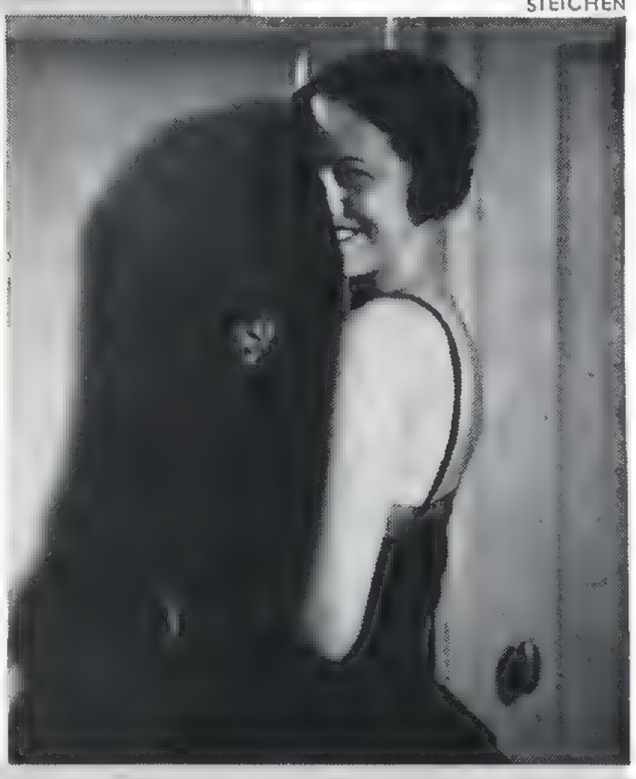
Oh, the North Countree is a hard countree
That mothers a bloody brood;
And its icy arms hold hidden charms
For the greedy, the sinful and lewd.
And strong men rust, from the gold and
the lust
That sears the Northland soul,
But the wickedest born, from the Pole to
the Horn,
Is the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.

Now Jacob Kaime was the Hermit's name,
In the days of his pious youth,
Ere he cast a smirch on the Baptist Church
By betraying a girl named Ruth.
But now men quake at "Yukon Jake,"
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal,
For that is the name that Jacob Kaime . . .

GARY COOPER, Vanity Fair described him in 1930 as one of the screen's strong, silent men, lank, young, and cavalier. "Without any heaving of the chest, eyebrow action, or *sostenuto* kisses, he is still forever weighed down, somehow, by a secret sorrow."

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, the star in 1929 of P. G. Wodehouse's comedy, *Candle-Light*. Later, of her riveting performance in Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, George Jean Nathan wrote, "Coward has taken a revue girl . . . and made a first-rate actress of her."

STEICHEN



1919

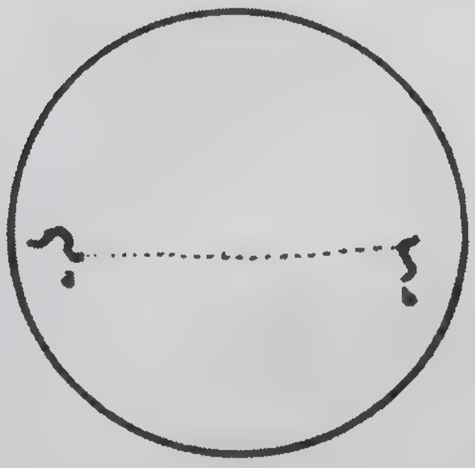
The Social Life of the Newt

What Maeterlinck Did for the Bee and Fabre for the Wasp Is Here Done for Our Popular Amphibians

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

IT IS not generally known that the newt, although one of the smallest of our North American animals, has an extremely happy home-life. It is just one of those facts which never get bruited about.

I first became interested in the social phenomena of newt life early in the spring of 1913, shortly after I had finished my researches in sexual differentiation among amoeba. Since that time I have practically lived among newts, jotting down observations, making lantern-slides, watching them in their work and in their play (and you may rest assured that the little rogues have their play—as who does not?) until, from much lying in a research posture on my stomach, over the enclosure in which they were confined, I found myself developing what I feared might be rudimentary creepers. And so, late this autumn, I stood erect and walked into my house, where I immediately set about the compilation of the notes I had made.



A romance among the newts, considerably magnified. The hero (a) is here seen forcing his attentions on the "best little girl in the world" (b).

So much for the non-technical introduction. The remainder of this article bids fair to be fairly scientific.

Sexual Manifestations

IN STUDYING the more intimate phases of newt life, one is chiefly impressed with the methods by means of which the males force their attentions upon the females, with matrimony as an object. For the newt is, after all, only a newt, and has his weaknesses just as any of the rest of us. And I, for one, would not have it different. There is little enough fun in the world as it is.

(Continued on page 148)

1933

Inflation for Ida

FRANK SULLIVAN

ONE day not long ago I was in my study engaged upon some research when my seven-year-old niece, Ida, came romping in, seized a bottle of ink and poured the contents over my head. The minx knows full well her old uncle hasn't the heart to scold her for interrupting him, and she takes advantage of it.

"What is oo doin', nonkie?" she asked.

I gave her a good kick in the shin.

"Talk English, or get out of here," I ordered.

"Well, hell's bells," she protested, rubbing the injured tibia. "All I wanted to know was what you were doing."

"I'm doing some research on inflation."

"What's inflation?"

"Don't you know?"

"No. What is it?"

"Never mind. Do you know what fiat money is? Do you know at what figure France pegged the franc in 1927?"

"No."

"Do you know how to peg a franc?"

"Nope."

It was incredible. I was amazed. The world shaken by a tremendous economic upheaval, yet this girl, possible future mother of Presidents, knew nothing of inflation. I could scarcely believe my ears, and told Ida so frankly.

"I can scarcely believe my ears," I said.

"I can understand that," she said, gazing at the organs in question.

Yet Ida is an intelligent tot. Well then, I reasoned, if she does not understand inflation, neither do her 120,000,000 fellow Americans, for when it comes to the fine point we are all pretty much tots—all Idas together in this great Melting Pot of the West, trying to pour red ink on our Uncle.

Hence this explanation of inflation. I simply wanted to do my bit to make inflation clear to my fellow countrymen.

Inflation isn't really hard to understand. If we bear that in mind, it will be half the battle, and half a battle is better than a battle. It's the inflationists who try to explain inflation who are really hard to understand. They do not speak the language of the average man of the street, for the street is where the average man is today. I do, and shall, speak the language of the average man, and woman, of the street.

De foist t'ing youse has got to get t'rough your beans (language of average man of street) is that currency, whether fiat, scrip or mazuma, is governed by Grantham's Law, or something that sounds like that. Grantham's Law is simply this: Centuries and centuries ago there was no such thing as money, and there is practically no such thing as money today. This proves Grantham's main contention (for which he was roundly hissed at one memorable meeting of the Royal Society) that everything runs in cycles.

Okay, honey (language of woman of street), what did they use for money when there was no money? The answer is, they bartered.

What is barter? Let me illustrate by a simple example. Let us say you have no money. Granted? But you have got a cow. Now then, your neighbor, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has three dozen eggs, a horse, a bolt of cloth and Rockefeller Center. It so happens that you are in need of three dozen eggs, a horse and a bolt of cloth. It also happens that Mr. Rockefeller wants a cow quite badly. Let us say that Mr. Rockefeller has no money, either. Granted? Very well, what happens? You go to Mr. Rockefeller and you say to him, "I will give you my cow for your eggs, horse and that bolt of cloth." He replies, "All right, and I will also throw in Rockefeller Center," but you say, "Oh no you won't." So you give him the cow and he gives you the eggs, horse and cloth.

That is barter.

With the advance of civilization, however, it became apparent that the system of barter would not work in a highly organized community. First, there was the difficulty of keeping a cow in a modern city apartment, and second, as Oswald Spengler pointed out, it was impossible to get the average man in the street reconciled to saying "You bet your bottom cow."



Money took the place of barter, and with money came inflation. Now then, the best way to make inflation clear to the non-technical mind is in terms of wheat. If wheat brings 33⅓ cents a bushel in the open market, a dollar at par (which is to say with the French franc at $0.0392 and the Polish zloty at $0.1122) will buy two bushels of wheat; no, three. Now, the price of bar silver in London in 1931 (in terms of pence, pence and pence) was 14 19–32. I give the average, not the low or high. In the same year the total stock of money in the United States was $9,079,623,698. Let us simplify matters and say it was $9,079,623,700. With wheat at 33⅓ that $9,079,623,698 would buy three times that many bushels, *but*—there always seems to be a "but," doesn't there?—if we have inflation that same dollar that heretofore bought three bushels of wheat will only buy four. In other words, as the value of the dollar is inflated, the price of the wheat, together with its by-products such as imitation ivory, vegetable oils, oleomargarine, etc., is forced up or down and the result is called dumping.

NOW that is absolutely all there is to this bugaboo inflation, and why the pedants have made such an intricate matter of it, and such a pother and to-do, is altogether beyond me. I have not space or time to go into the question of fiat money, nor shrinkage, nor the fluctuation of the gold ounce, nor fixed obligations, nor the rôle that wampum has played in the development of our American monetary system. I doubt if they are important. I do not believe I mentioned the fact that our gold holdings in 1931 were $4,051,473,000, but that is not important. Neither shall I dwell on the fact that I copied all these statistics out of the World Almanac. It is not important either.

The important thing is to understand inflation, so that if we of the United States are forced into it we shall go into it with our eyes open, though blackened.

1923

On the Approach of Middle Age

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

IT IS like any other of the necessary trials of life, such as marriage or death; you think of it vaguely as something that must be endured, but you seldom give it serious consideration till you are face to face with it. A man will hardly wait to learn swimming till he is thrown into the sea, but he will take no thought for his conduct in a crisis which is as dangerous and, unlike the other, by no prudence to be avoided.

Before he knows where he is, he finds himself floundering in the perilous forties. He is now that baldish, stout person whom twenty years before he jeered at when he saw him dancing, a little out of breath, with girls who might be his daughters. He is now the gentleman in the Rolls-Royce, smoking a long cigar, whom he used to outdrive at golf by thirty yards and who wilted not a little towards the end of the second round. Yesterday, he was a young man, and today he drinks lithia water.

Because, as a lad, I had seen much of the world and traveled a good deal, because I was somewhat widely read and my mind was occupied with matters beyond my age, I seemed always older than my contemporaries; but it was not until the outbreak of the Great War that I had an inkling of the horrid truth. I learned then, to my consternation, that I was a middle-aged man. I consoled myself by reflecting that I could be thus described only militarily, so to speak; but not so very long after, I had an experience which put the matter beyond doubt. I had been lunching at a restaurant with a woman whom I had known a long time, and her niece. This was a girl of seventeen, pretty, with blue eyes and very pleasing dimples. I found it vastly agreeable to look at her, and I did my best to amuse her. She rewarded my sallies with rippling laughter. Well, after luncheon we took a taxi to go to a matinee. My old friend got in, and then her niece. But the girl sat down on the tip-up seat, leaving the empty place at the back beside her aunt for me.

Painful Discriminations

FOR a moment I stood rooted to the pavement. Amid the clatter of street cars and the screams of klaxons I heard the ominous tolling of a bell. It was the knell of my dead youth. In the gesture of this maiden, I discerned the civility of youth (as opposed to the rights of sex) to a gentleman no longer young. I realized that she looked upon me with the respect due to age. Respect: it is a chilling thing for a girl to give to a man. The boat had given a sudden lurch, and there was I, all unprepared, struggling for my life in an unknown sea.

It is not a very pleasant thing to recognize that for the young you are no longer an equal. You belong to a different generation. For them your race is run. They can look up to you; they can admire you; but you are apart from them: for boys you are no longer a competitor, for girls you are no longer marriageable. It is only the widow of a certain age who still casts an inquisitive eye on you. You may just as well marry and have done with it.

I think I have always been more conscious of my age than most men. It is generally supposed that the young live in the present, but I know that I lived only in the future. I was ever looking forward, generally to something I proposed to do in some place other than that in which I found myself; and no sooner was I there, doing what I had so much wanted, than it became of small account, for my fancy raced forward and I busied myself with what next year would bring. I never enjoyed the daffodils of today, because I was always thinking of the roses of tomorrow. Sometimes I think that it is the unimaginative who get the most out of life, for to them alone the fleeting moment is all in all.

My youth passed me unnoticed, and I was always burdened with the sense that I was growing old. To me, nothing is more wonderful than the consciousness of youth which in these days the young have. They are deeply aware that it is lovely and fugitive. They know, as we of a past day did not, that it is precious, and that they must make the most of it. I was young in an elderly world. Then people shrugged their shoulders at youth; it was an indisposition which time would cure, and the young were impatient to grow older.

The Compensation of Age

BUT middle age has its compensations. One is that, on the whole, you feel no need to do what you do not like. You are no longer ashamed of yourself. You are reconciled to being what you are, and you do not much mind what people think of you. They can take you or leave you. You do not want to impose upon them with false pretenses. Youth is bound hand and foot with the shackles of public opinion.

I was never of great physical strength, and even as a lad long walks tired me; but I went on them because I would not confess my weakness. I do not mind now, and so I save myself much weariness. I hated cold water, but for many years I took cold baths and bathed in cold seas because I wanted to be like everybody else. I used to dive from heights that made me nervous, because I was afraid of seeming afraid. I was mortified because I played games less well than my companions. When I did not know a thing, I was ashamed to confess my ignorance; and it was not until quite late in life that I discovered how easy it is to say: I don't know. I am prepared now to admit cheerfully that I never can tell where I and J come in the alphabet. I find that my neighbors do not expect me to walk five and twenty miles, or to play a scratch game of golf, or to dive from a hateful board thirty feet from the water. That is all to the good, and makes life much less unpleasant; but I should no longer care if they did. It is discreet even in middle age to treat the opinion of your fellows with a show of politeness, but in your heart you can cock a snook at them.

When I left school (gathering my passion for freedom into a compact symbol), I said to myself: henceforward, I can get up when I like and go to bed when I like. That, of course, was an illusion; and I soon found that the trammelled life of civilized man only permits a modified independence. When you have an aim, you must sacrifice something of freedom to achieve it. But by the time you have reached middle age, you have discovered just how much freedom it is worth while to sacrifice in order to achieve the aim you have in view.

Though I find the young in the mass charming, I do not find them good company. For they take themselves with a seriousness which is only unintentionally diverting. Humor is rooted in disillusion, and golden illusions press them around about. It is middle age that laughs, since it is difficult to laugh at the world until you have first learned to laugh at yourself.

So here are at least two good things that middle age gives you: the inestimable boon of freedom, and the precious gift of laughter. What makes youth unhappy is its desire to be like everybody else: what makes middle age tolerable is its reconciliation with oneself.

But frankness well becomes the man who is no longer young: I would sooner be a fool of twenty-five than a philosopher of fifty.



The new rush of fox and seal

One of the subtler colours of fox—it's pale grey, bred to be that way, with the lustre of pearls, and all the famous fox flattery—here in a coat that lives as compatibly with country clothes as it does with evening dresses. By Fredrica, of Fromm Angel fox; at Evelyn Byrnes; Halle Bros.



Unblinking dash, cut into a seal greatcoat (in this fur's natural pale brown) drenched by a collar of Canadian blond fox; to wear in the country, crossing continents, or in town. By Ritter Bros., of Russian fur seal. Also: Joseph Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. David Webb jewels.

accessories to make fashion out of clothes



It takes a system—an accessories system—to make fashion out of clothes. Even a Balenciaga suit could lose this season's face worn with timid little short white gloves, microscopic jewellery, or timid little anythings. This year's accessories have the face of a hero.

What we've discovered is that there are as many accessories systems as there are systems at Belmont or Monte Carlo, some of them equally as superstitious and disappointing; some of them, of course, universal winners in spite of each woman's individuality. Take first, though, the woman who puts all her accessory money, or most of it, on a snow leopard handbag just because Suzy Parker looks heavenly with hers. That's just about equivalent to the woman at Belmont who bets on a horse named Suzy because she has an aunt with the same name. The horse turns out a nag and the snow leopard, because it just wasn't right for her, never manages to lift anything in the wardrobe off its feet. Doesn't sound much like system, but some women repeat this kind of circumstantial accessory buying so often it becomes a system—a disastrous one. The necklace or belt that makes fashion out of clothes, that puts a happy end to the closet exile of the black wool tube-dress bought three years ago, or gives this winter's little satin skin of a dress the detail that counts, can't be chosen on the run—down the side aisle of your favourite shop. It needs consideration—and an accurate appraisal of what's universal, with individuality gained in the wearing; what's a special one-woman accessory. This winter that system turned up these four unbeatable accessories, the big four fashion assets of the season: the tie belt, the longer glove, the elongated handbag, the enormous jewelled pin. If a woman were to buy only these four, and that's a far-fetched austerity merely used to emphasize their importance, her accessory life would be revived.

The belt, black capeskin, one and a half inches wide is a fashion blow-up of the little leather string belts that have tied up Paris and New York before. It's a stunner worn looped or loosely bowed—in fact, two of these bowed into a fribbly cluster is the way one of the most knowing women wears hers. Belt, by Colony, about $6. Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros.

The purpled pin, the size of a small coffee saucer, makes news one way on a mulberry tweed suit. Plunged centre, a few inches above the waist of a long culotte at-home dress, or nestled in a great turtle-neck sweater are two more ways to plan it. It's an eight-pronged fake, purpled sapphire star that



FUJIKI

comes as close to fashion earth as any we've seen around. By Trifari, about $35, plus tax. At Altman's; I. Magnin.

The handbag, the really big shape of the year, is a sleek narrow fold of soft black calfskin, about a foot and a half long, a life line to almost any of this year's stark coats, suits, or town dresses. Not, however, for a really small woman. By Koret, about $50 plus tax, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's.

The long glove—it's what every glove this winter should be. Length is what adds up; what, by the way, finishes superbly the new foreshortened coat and jacket sleeves. This glove is black kidskin with lustre calculated to give a bright jolt to matte blacks. By Aris, about $16, at Saks Fifth Avenue.



The perfume factor here, *right,* its influence invisible but powerful in making fashion out of clothes, is Crescendo, the first new scent to come—in a quarter of a century—from Lanvin, one of the world's great perfume houses. And well worth the wait; a delicate worldly perfume with the sweetness of ripe hot house fruit. Contained in a jewel-like globe of Baccarat crystal, Crescendo is the most dazzling Lanvin arrival since Arpège.

From Lanvin—the first new perfume in 25 years



"THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO"

A unique, complex, beautiful book by Alexander Liberman, documenting the private life, the studio work ways of thirty-nine masters of the School of Paris

BY ALLENE TALMEY

In this quiet, big book, *The Artist in His Studio,* Alexander Liberman has struck big, reverberating tones in a new melody. For the book is unlike other books on art; it is not an appendix to the Imaginary Museum. It is rather an informed, specialized, contemplative walk with a fascinated guide through the studios of thirty-nine artists—from Arp to Vlaminck. Some of those photographed excursions were shown a year ago by the Museum of Modern Art in an impressive exhibition tersely called, "The Artist in His Studio,"—an exhibition that will have travelled to seventeen museums in this country and Canada by April 12, 1962. Before the Museum's interest, Vogue published in 1949 the first in its series of Liberman photographs of artists and their studios—some twenty in all, many of them with his essays.

The elements of the book, published by Viking, are these. There are two hundred and nine photographs of artists and their studios, some thirty-two superb reproductions of important works, plus an essay on each artist, much of it from Liberman's recorded interviews with them. Because he is a painter and sculptor (the Museum of Modern Art owns two Libermans) he and the artists had a mutuality of deep feelings without necessarily agreeing on points. Through the subtle coupling of these elements, he has shown some of the minutiae of method, the artists' quirks, their admirations, his own evaluations, and such capsuled observations as that Bonnard's art is a "magnification of the modest," that in Matisse's life everything was "reduced to one purpose—Matisse's creativeness. Everything was so arranged that his slightest desire, his slightest urge for expression, could be easily set into action."

Like Giacometti, Matisse, Braque, and Picasso, Liberman is a reader of poetry. In writing about Claude Monet, he touches on Tao, and the Gestalt *(Continued on page 146)*

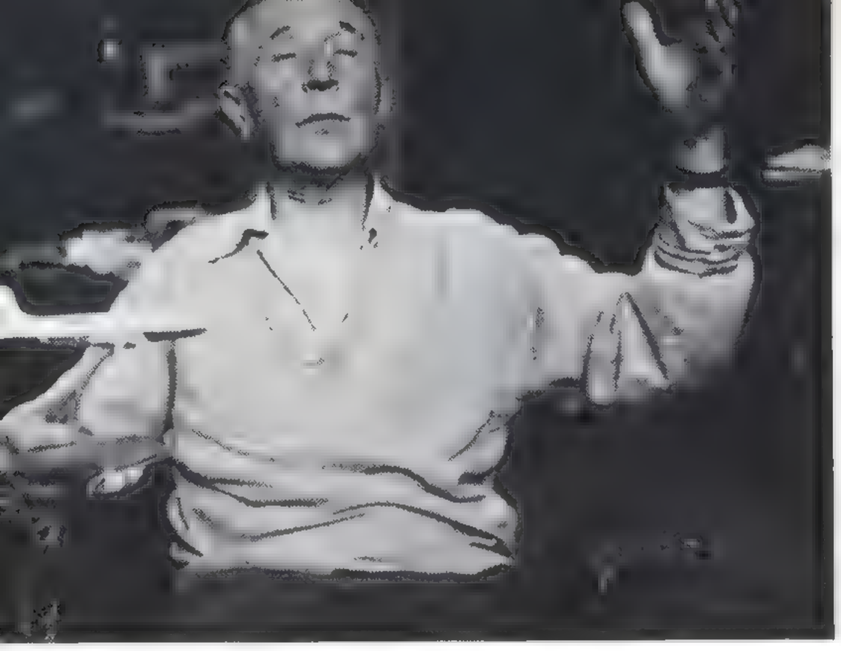
The painting hand of the greatest living artist, Pablo Picasso

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES: *In his Paris studio, one of the notable sculptor-painters, Alberto Giacometti*







1. JACQUES VILLON



2. GERMAINE RICHIER



3. GEORGES BRAQUE



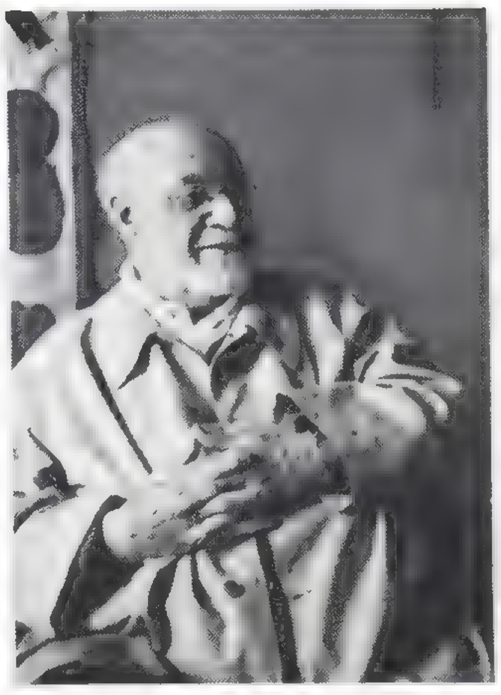
4. JEAN BAZAINE



10. ANDRÉ DERAIN



11. MAURICE DE VLAMINCK



12. HENRI MATISSE



13. MAURICE UTRILLO AND HIS WIFE



14. KEES VAN DONGEN



20. PABLO PICASSO



21. FRANK KUPKA



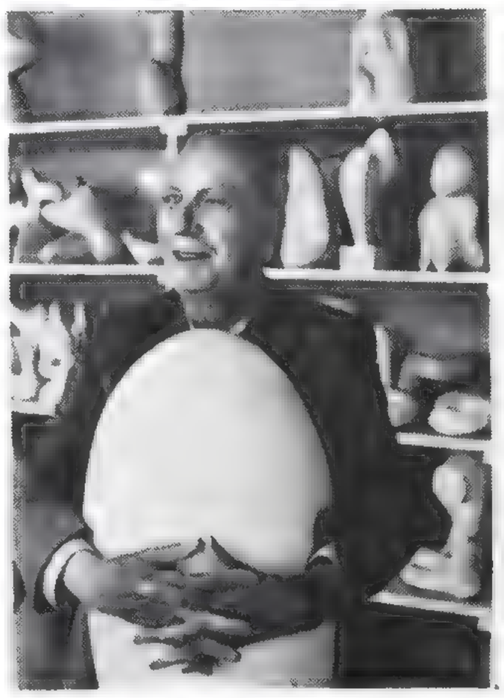
22. ANDRÉ DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



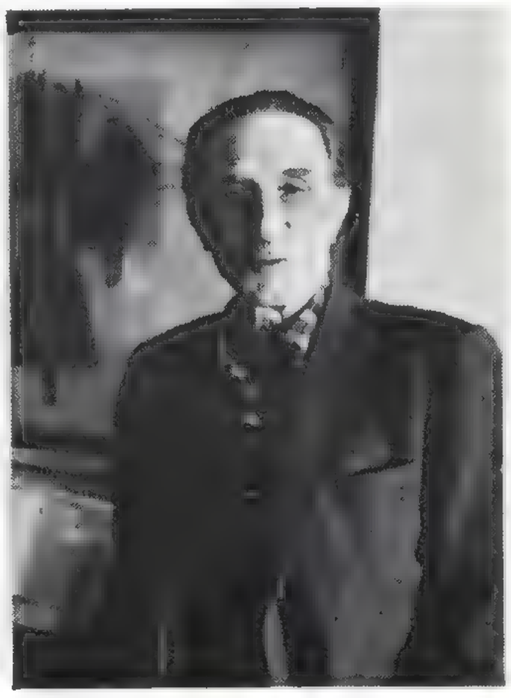
23. RAOUL DUFY



29. ALBERTO GIACOMETTI



30. JEAN ARP



31. MARCEL DUCHAMP



32. ANTOINE PEVSNER



33. HANS HARTUNG

From the book,

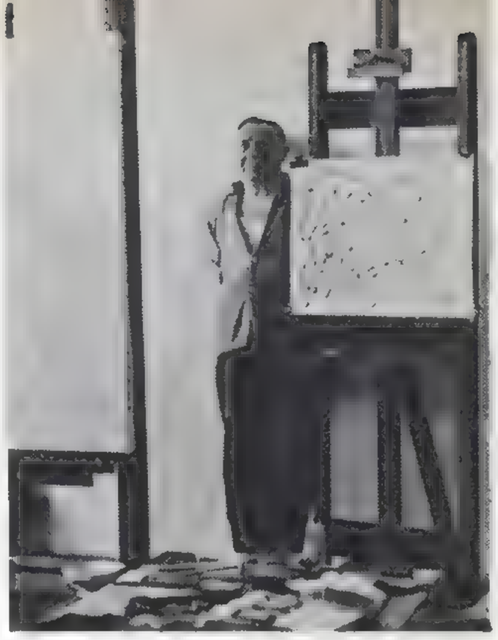
"The Artist in His Studio"



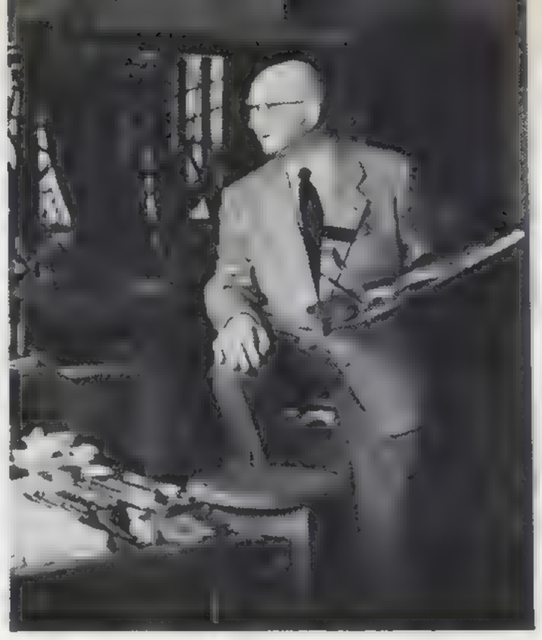
5. MAX ERNST



6. JEAN DUBUFFET



7. ANDRÉ MASSON



8. MARCEL GROMAIRE



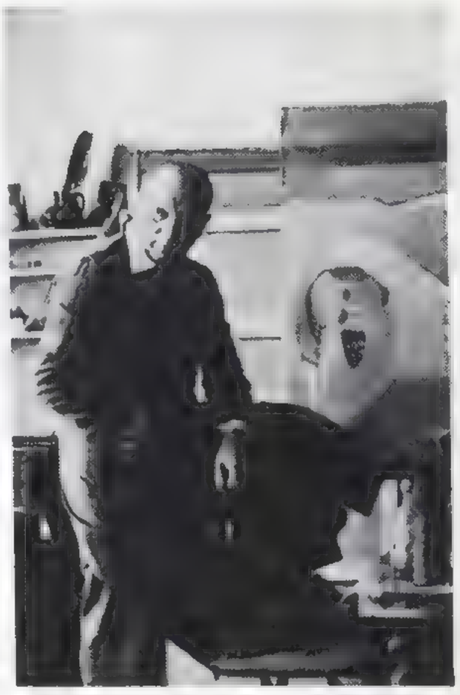
9. CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI'S STUDIO



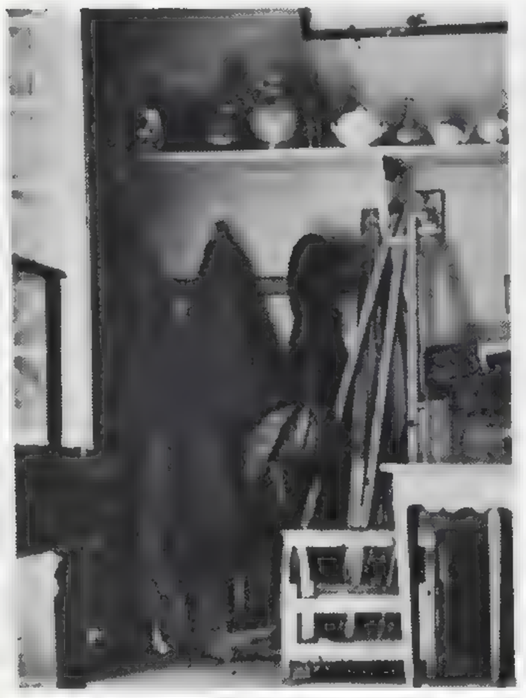
15. MARIE LAURENCIN



16. PIERRE BONNARD'S STUDIO



17. FRANCISCO BORÈS



18. PAUL CÉZANNE'S STUDIO



19. MARC CHAGALL AND HIS WIFE



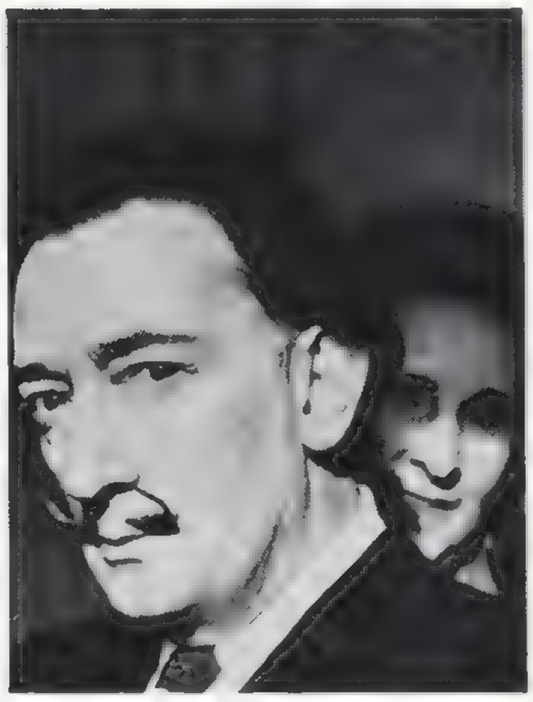
24. OLIVE TREES AT AUGUST[illegible] RENOIR'S HOUSE



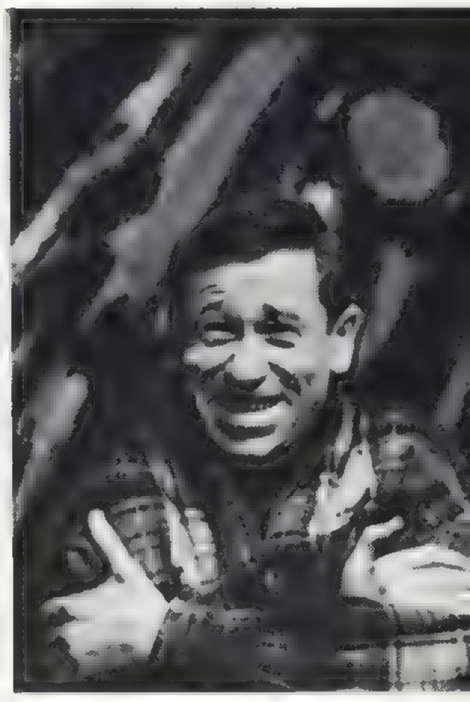
25. GEORGES ROUAULT



26. WASSILY KANDINSKY'S STUDIO



27. SALVADOR DALI AND HIS WIFE



28. ALFRED MANESSIER



34. LE CORBUSIER



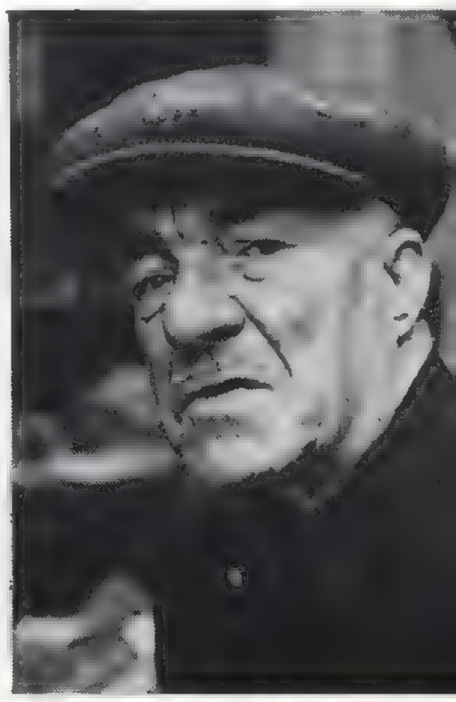
35. JOAN MIRÓ



36. NATHALIE GONTCHAROVA AND MICHAEL LARIONOV



37. CLAUDE MONET'S HOUSE



38. FERNAND LÉGER

Here, in one wide-lens look, the thirty-nine subjects of this extraordinary book, artists who spent or are spending "a lifetime burning." With love and knowledge of painting, sculpture, and photography, Alexander Liberman has documented their work ways. His photographs in low-keyed colour, in velvety black and white, are both record and art.

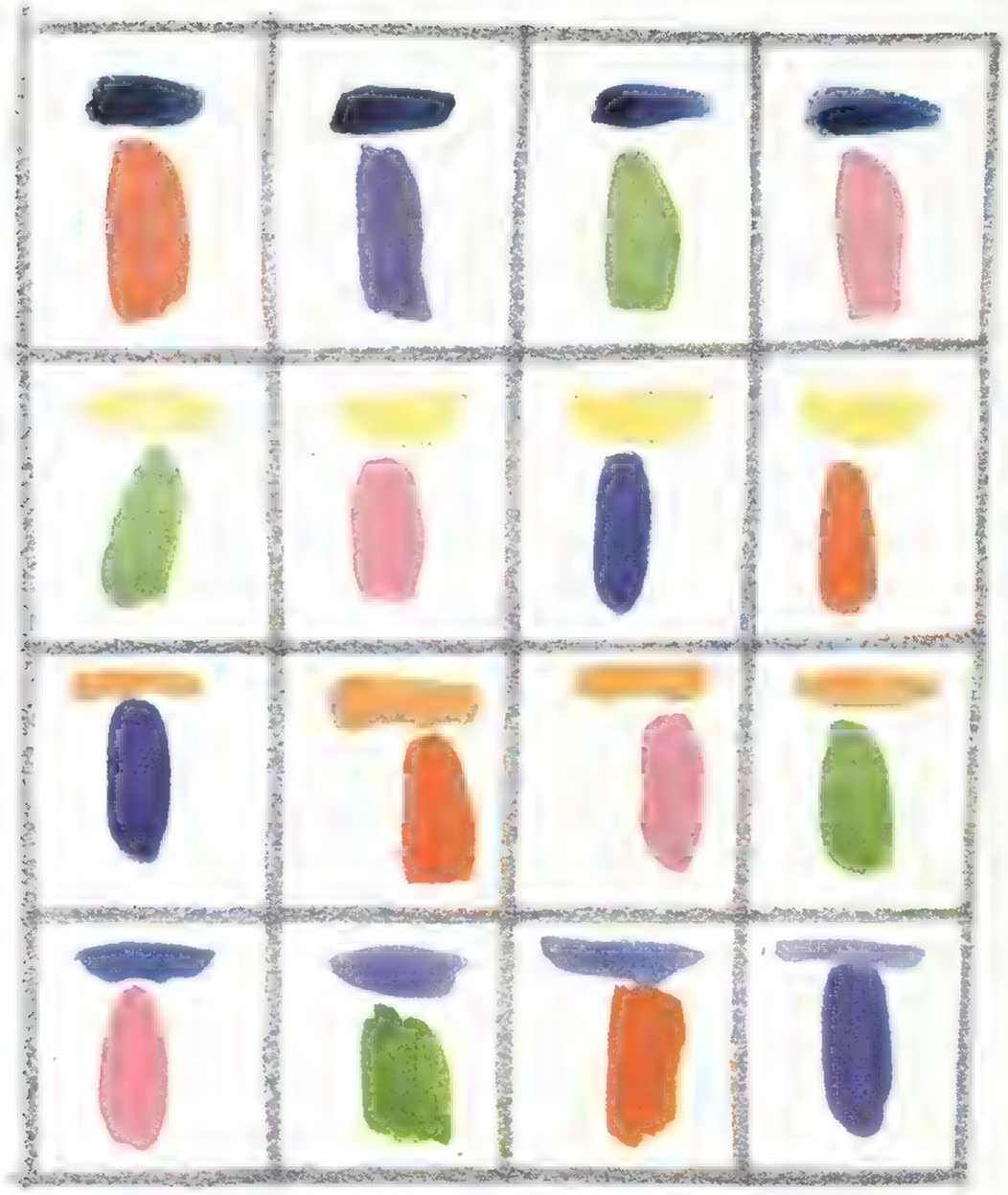
Due South: new shapes, beach yellow

Want a look into the future? Look South: it's at the resorts, now, that summer fashion plans are beginning to take shape—and colour. Or, if you won't be pried from winter and woollier pursuits, look right: the inklings and glimmerings are perfectly clear here and on the next four pages—the way some of the most interesting bathing suits seem suddenly (and blissfully, some women would add) to be softening up; the way sun-country colours appear to have taken a hint from the general ambience, and sizzle with a strong-sun scorchiness of their own.

Bathing suits—softly now

Opposite, a pair of bathing suits with the new success ingredients—softness and sunshine. At the foot of the stairs, bright white jersey with a puffy top and skimpy little boy-shorts (we've added the sunny yellow belt). By Cole of California, in suèded jersey of Orlon: $25. This and the belt, at De Pinna. Suit: Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Top of the stairs, brilliant yellow bathing suit that makes a few—but on the whole, not unreasonable—demands on a figure. (If you've passed up maillot after maillot on the grounds of non-support, this might well be your year—and your maillot.) Designed by Oleg Cassini for Peter Pan, of ribbed knitted Orlon; $30. This, and the bracelets: Bonwit Teller. Bathing suit: at Burdine's. Softness from another source: The Robert Verdi magnified, uncurly coiffures (to which colour might be simply shampooed in—L'Oreal's new Colorelle Shampoo is what does the trick).





Sun-country clothes plan: 2 designs, 16 looks

The basic elements of this mix-and-mix wardrobe: one little silk dress, one sweater. Buy each in four colours and the switches and permutations go on and on—a look-potential of no less than sixteen pairings (see the charted analysis above). The moral here: One Is Not Enough. This is a little-everything dress; we see it doing almost round-the-clock duty at resorts, summering in the North, taking country and city life in stride. It's made of hand-woven Indian raw silk, a narrow hem-length shirt wrapped in at the waist by a wide, soft sash. Details to note: the tiny mandarin collar, the sleeves that can be turned up. In vivid colours—apricot, deep mauve, lime green, bright pink. The cropped cashmere cardigan has a single high slit pocket; in shades of pale mauve, light pumpkin, navy blue, and a smoky, greenish yellow. The shoes and the handbags match the dress; beads are in contrasting colours. The dress, by Products of India, about $40; at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Dalton sweater, about $30; at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Capezio shoes of dye-able linen; beads by Marvella; MM handbags: all at Lord & Taylor.







Due South: new wave of yellow

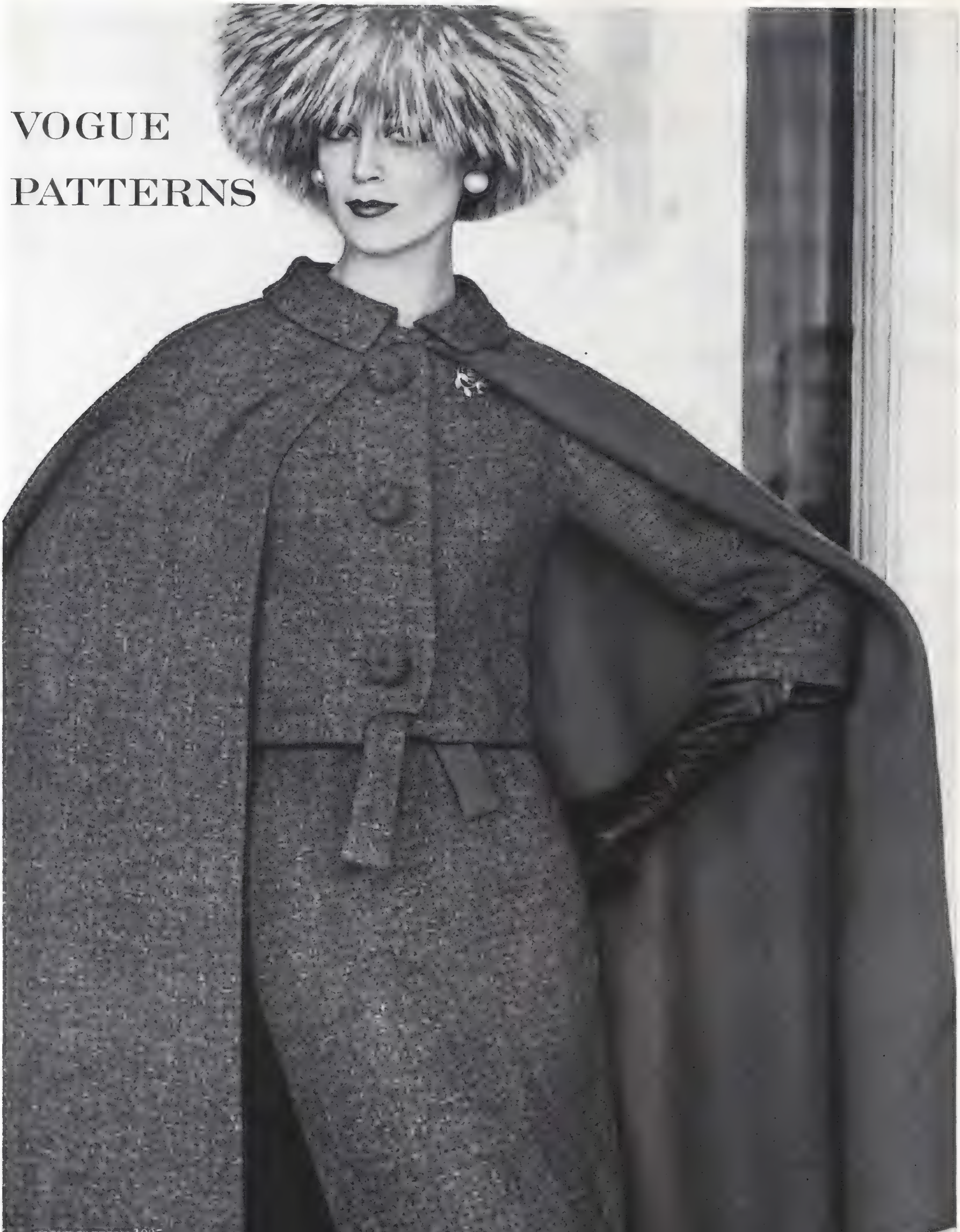
Good way to be sure of sunshine at the beach: wear it; a sort of coals to Newcastle idea that couldn't be newer or more dazzling—yellow and a glowing sun tan have always hit it off brilliantly together. Here, yellow plus white—the printed bathing suit is just one of the ways that yellow is turning on the Southern charm.

Left: Swimming culotte, strong on sunlight and becomingness—apart from colour and the culotte-softness, there's the flattery of the deep halter-neck, bare back, taut young waistline. By Brigance for Sinclair; of Supima cotton printed by Cranston in a delicious tangle of scorchy yellow and white—one of their new Thailand prints. The midriff, woven with Lastex. $30. Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Hudson's. Sandor Goldberger earrings. (One way to the sun tan that gets on so famously with yellow: High Noon, Noxzema's protective tanning encouragement.)

Right: Yellow-and-white cotton bathing suit; the bodice shaped to imply a long and willowy torso; the shorts cropped at a length that gives legs distance. By Elisabeth Stewart, of cotton by Everfast with Everglaze crease-resistance. $23. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.



VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 1035

Two ways to sew up the Paris suit matter

Straight from the centre of the Paris suit matter, these three-piece suits were copied in Vogue Patterns from Ricci and Dior originals.
Left: Ricci's cloak and suit intrigue caught in Vogue Pattern 1035: a superbly lean, short jacket and skirt of grey wool tweed; worn under a matching cape, its reversible side, green wool.
Right: This, from Dior suit territory, a suit divided into three parts, a collarless easy jacket, the slightly gathered skirt, beloved at Dior, and an oval seven-eighths coat with split-seam panelling; of rough-hewn lavender and navy-blue wool tweed.
Vogue Pattern 1041.
For other views, details, see page 152

VOGUE PATTERN 1041

HENRY CLARKE



The beige rage—





the knitted factor

Which of the season's rages, the colour beige or knitted wool, has more fashion mileage we don't know—whether in quick runs to town or on jets across the country. What we do know is that these smashing combinations, each based on one idea—beige knitted wool—are September to May stand-bys in any wardrobe going. *Left:* Beige cardigan charms here, piped in white in a three-piece suit with a white knitted wool blouse. Suit of knitted wool, about $125. *Right:* Two pieces of beige knit beguilement, a shirt and skirt joined by a dashing grey and white belt. Dress of knitted wool, about $95. *Above:* Oval coat of beige knitted wool, with a fashion summing-up to the last fraction—⅞ length, ¾ sleeves. Worn here over a grey skirt, it could go over nearly everything, every black, brown, and red in your wardrobe. Costume about $145. All Mirsa Italian knitted clothes on these pages, at these Galerie stores: Rosette Pennington; Bramson's; Vandervoort's; Harold's. For shops in other cities see page 150.

Pampering
lingerie
for Christmas



If not now, when?—that's the way
we look at lingerie dipped deep in lace;
it's a Christmas natural, whether you
buy it for yourself, buy it to give, or—
happy bonanza—receive it with pleasure.
Far left: Creamy-white bed jacket with a yoke of
Alençon lace dropped like a shawl
over the shoulders. It's made of warm,
featherweight albatross wool,
with a tiny collar and cuffs of silk satin;
lace-covered buttons. By Iris, about $25.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.
Near left: Shimmery satin peignoir,
candlelight white with a deep border of ecru nylon
Alençon lace at the collar and ruffly lace cuffs.
Dress length; about $17. The peignoir partner,
a bias-cut nightdress to match, has a froth
of nylon Alençon lace on the bodice; about $15.
Both by Barbizon in its own Satin de Lys,
of nylon-Dacron-and-silk. At Altman's;
Woodward & Lothrop; Frederick & Nelson.
Near right: Petticoat, a fine colwebbing of lace
over a slender satin shaft of palest sand-colour.
By Lucie Ann; nylon lace, new
non-snag Talon Zephyr nylon zipper,
slender as a string. About $10.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin.
Far right: Black satin slip with a bias in favour of
superb fit. It has lashings of lace at bodice
and hem, more lace at Empire-level.
By Fischer, in bias-cut satin of
nylon-Dacron-and-silk; Ban-Lon lace.
About $15. At Tailored Woman; Hudson's.

LEN STECKLER

Black that puts figures in focus

A high-waisted black girdle takes a dip at the back—the result, firm midriff control plus a waist-level waist where it counts for reverse décolletages. Of nylon power net with control panels, front and sides, of satin woven with Lastex; the back panel is a double layer of power net. This, by Olga, of Du Pont nylon; about $17. At Altman's; Bullock's, Pasadena.

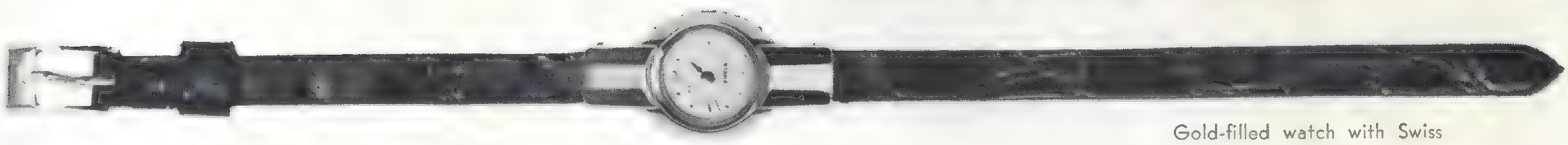
LEN STECKLER

Black corselette made with light-as-a-lemon-peel Lycra, prettily patterned. The waist overlaps the brassière section but isn't tethered to it—a suppleness feature that's a boon to the long-waisted. Brassière of nylon lace; low, tank-suit back. By Gossard, about $19. At De Pinna; Sakowitz; Bullock's Pasadena. Background, both pages: wallpaper from Laverne.



KAREN RADKAI

Beauty repairs that go like clockwork



Gold-filled watch with Swiss 17-jewel movement, slim black alligator band. By Pedre; about $30, plus tax. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

This is a season we know like the palm of our hand—frenzied with shopping and children by day, gala by night. It's been our experience, though, that wedged between the two extremes is often a small, calm island of time—possibly two hours at the outside. Not time to burn, obviously, but just long enough, by Vogue's calculations, to repair the disorders of an average November day, and have a woman's looks running smoothly as clockwork by evening. (Note: repairs is the word—we're assuming that any woman about to plunge into the routines that follow here has squared away all full-scale beauty restorations—permanents, basic cuts, hair colour—with salon experts weeks before the holiday-squeeze is on.)

3 MINUTES FOR A 2-HOUR NAP. We're making a conservative estimate actually: the friend who brought this energizing little miracle-worker to our attention claims for it the revivifying powers of four hours' sleep. The name is Instant Tiger's Milk, and it's chockablock with proteins, vitamins and minerals in powder form. Shake with fruit juice (our friend advises that whole strawberries and Tiger's Milk, electrically blended, make beautiful music together)—and wham! . . . It's sold by the packet or tin, at most health food shops.

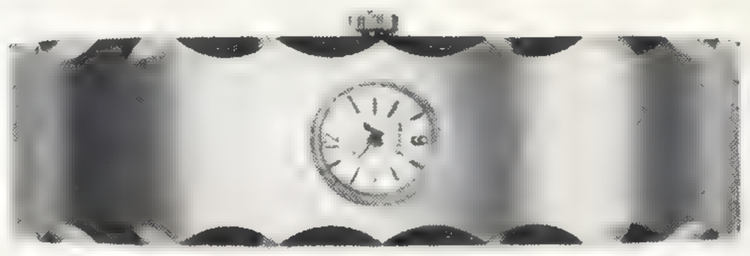


Moon-faced watch, 14-k. gold, brown alligator strap. By Gruen. $85* at Tourneau.



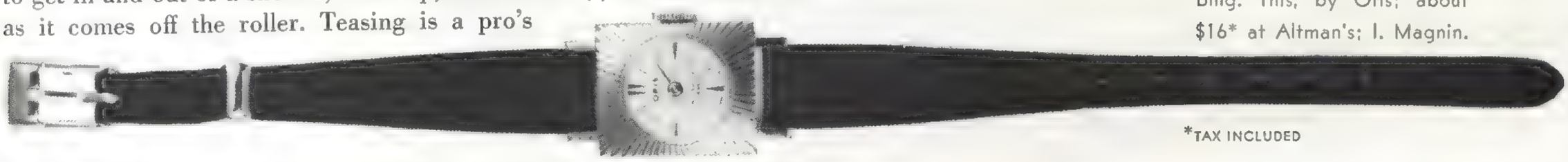
Thin-as-a-rail round gilt watch with 17-jewel movement, a black suède band. By Sheffield. $33*. At Best & Co.

15 TO 40 MINUTES FOR A SHAMPOO AND SET. Our gratitude to those marvellous waterless and sudsless and time-less hair-cleaning liquids is boundless anyway, but this season we've discovered a new cause for delight. Same stuff, new technique—namely: wind a piece of cheesecloth around a clean hairbrush, and dampen this with about ten drops of the cleaner. Brush hair—vigorously—and let it dry (if the drying process takes more than a minute or two, we'd be surprised). Finally, simply comb coiffure back into shape—the coiffure in our experiment had been salon-set five days earlier and it did, indeed, comb back into shape. For a coiffure that's beyond such simple remedies, the same liquid cleaner applies but on a somewhat more elaborate scale: douse hair with the liquid, rub it in vigorously, towel-dry it off, then set hair on rollers—the big, plump rollers, incidentally, have a way of adding a look of body and volume to a coiffure—and spray. When hair is dry (it will be, in the time it takes to get in and out of a shower, make up, and so forth), "tease" each curl as it comes off the roller. Teasing is a pro's method for putting contour into a coif; it goes this way: lift the curl in the direction it will ultimately swing, and with short scrubbing strokes comb the inner part of the curl towards the roots. One liquid cleaner that does a bang-up repair job either way: Shampion. Jordeau makes it; it's available now in a leakproof plastic squeeze bottle. *(Continued on next page)*



GRIGSBY

Scalloped gilt cuff-watch with a small round face. By Medana. $22*. At Tourneau.



Suède-banded watch squared off by a frame of gilt ribbing. This, by Oris; about $16* at Altman's; I. Magnin.

*TAX INCLUDED

Beauty repairs *continued*



Smooth gold watch flanked by textured gold straps. 20-jewel Swiss movement. By Patek Philippe; $695*. At Tiffany.

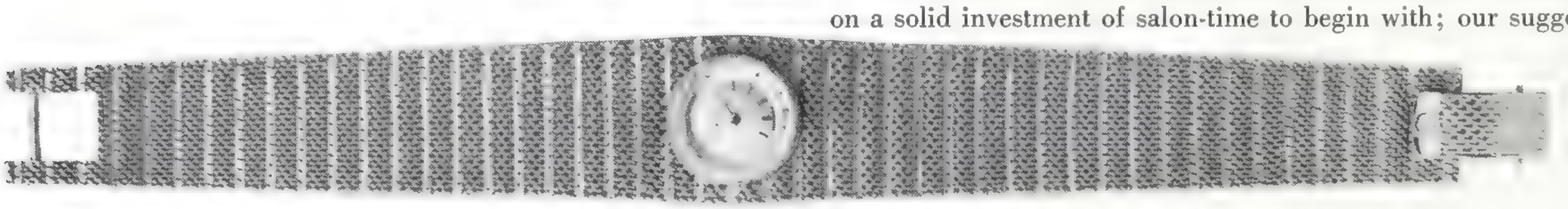
10 SECONDS FOR A COIFFURE-SUBSTITUTE. One of this season's enormous tulle cloudbursts of hat is what we have in mind here—no hair showing therefore no coiffure-fixing time required, and tons of little-evening allure.

10 MINUTES FOR A CONVERTIBLE COIFFURE. The idea is simple enough: one basic, fairly short coiffure that can be hairbrushed into at least three other coiffures

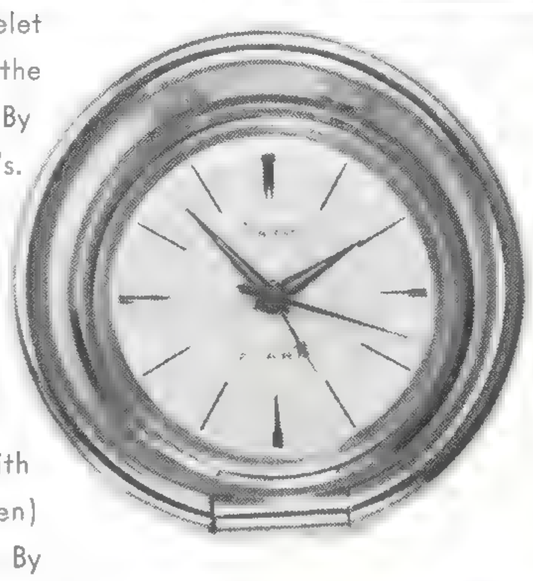


Ovalled white gold watch set between gold mesh bracelet straps; 23-jewel movement. By Lady Elgin; $250*. Tourneau.

without re-setting—salon or otherwise. As noted, each variation is clocked at ten minutes (possibly less, certainly not a second more), and we'd estimate the life expectancy of the original coif at anywhere from six to eight weeks. The catch, of course, is that a coiffure of such superb independence and adaptability depends on a solid investment of salon-time to begin with; our suggestion is that you proceed without delay to the most accomplished hairdresser you know—the payoff on this investment is terrific. Our own researches took us to Charles of the Ritz, and resulted in the four-way coiffure illustrated on page 26.



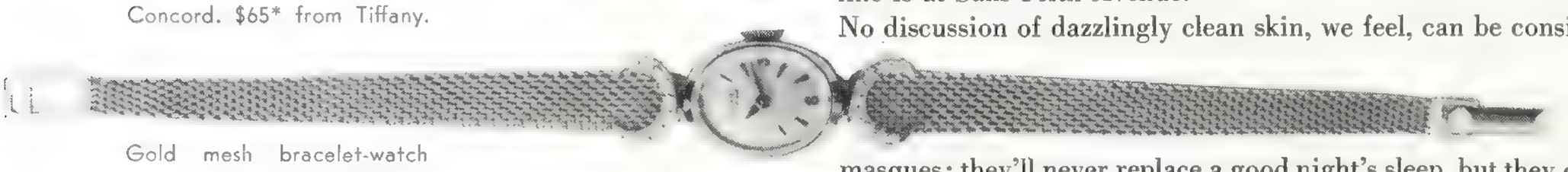
Stripey gold mesh bracelet with a dot of watch in the centre. Swiss movement. By Omega. $550* at Altman's.



Small gilt alarm clock with Swiss movement and (unseen) a leather travelling case. By Concord. $65* from Tiffany.

5 TO 20 MINUTES TO CLEAR THE DECKS FOR MAKE-UP. By which we mean, simply, a dazzlingly clean skin. And in case you've been wondering what specialists in that subject have been up to lately, the word is water-soluble, and it comes from Cosmétiques Biotherm. Leaving nothing to chance, this company proposes two cleansing creams: Crème Démaquillante for make-up removal; Crème Savon, a facial bath for deep cleansing. Both creams are to be worked gently into the skin, then splashed away with tepid water (and both, like other products in the Biotherm catalogue, contain Crenum, a concentrate of plankton that is said to be teeming with such salubrious elements as proteins, minerals, fatty acids, and is found in the thermal waters of France). The entire Biotherm line is at Saks Fifth Avenue.

No discussion of dazzlingly clean skin, we feel, can be considered closed without one quick word about facial masques: they'll never replace a good night's sleep, but they do seem to provide, for an evening anyway, some of the superficial benefits—the smooth, glowing, plumped-out look that a skin has when its owner is well-rested. To name just



Gold mesh bracelet-watch with a pair of diamond horseshoes, a Swiss movement. By Girard Perregaux. $375* from Black, Starr & Gorham.



GRIGSBY

Gold mesh bracelet with a square watch under a braided gold lid. Swiss movement. By Le Coultre. $2,000*. Tourneau.

three that we're devoted to: Max Factor's slightly astringent Facial Pack; Dory Masque by Du Barry; Frances Denney Viva Super Masque. Lying down, feet raised, eyes covered with pads soaked in something soothing, an eyedrop or two in each eye—all this, though not essential by any means, is one of the pleasantest ways we know to enjoy the benefits of a facial masque. *(Continued on page 150)*

*TAX INCLUDED



KAREN RADKAI



An eye-for-an-eye look
is polite—
even though grownups
are far too tall

KAREN RADKAI



PARTY-CLOTHES MANNERS FOR EVERY DAY

On an every day basis, the young manners here may seem to be merely great expectations, but not provided parents can give a little. Once introduced, manners will usually come back when called, especially to a party where little girls have such charming clothes as these—with the kind of attention to hand tucking and embroidery that great-aunts love. *Opposite page:* Red cotton velveteen jumper with white nylon organdie blouse. By Nannette, blouse of Du Pont nylon; $8 in sizes 12-18 months, at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's. *Top left:* What this little girl is bursting to tell is that her party dress is like Adelaide's, heroine of Jane Trahey's new book, *The Magic Yarn;* it's made of white cotton hand-embroidered in India; sash of blue French ribbon. By Florence Eiseman, about $35 in sizes 3-6X, at Boys and Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman; Little Bramson. *Top right:* Rising when grownups come in, a rule illustrated in white swiss cotton organdie with lace trimming. By Celeste, $19, in sizes 7-12; Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. *Below left:* White dress made festive with red satin ribbon. By Suzy Brooks, of Dacron and cotton, sizes 3-6X about $11, in sizes 7-14 about $13, at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's. *Below right:* On the reluctant thank-you noter, a blue cotton broadcloth dress, the waist tucked and lace-trimmed. By Claire Schwartz, about $9 in sizes 3-6X; at Macy's.



NOTES ON THE CUFF OF A WASH-AND-WEAR SHIRT WORN TO WARM ISLANDS

BY HORACE SUTTON

People who fly to Bermuda on Cunard-Eagle Airways, Bermuda's own, sit facing the rear. Watching yourself get away from where you've been is half the fun. . . . The newest nest in well-aged Bermuda is Lantana in Sandys Parish out towards Somerset. The escapees live in pink (what else?) cottages called Monaco, Cortina, Capri, Estoril, and such. Over on the Riviera are La Plage Miami and Le Bar Waikiki. And then there is Miami itself where the motels are called Mandalay, Bali, and Tahiti.

SCOTCHMANS-PURSE, IN BERMUDA. In Bermuda, red "sleeping" hibiscus that never opens is called Scotchmans-Purse. . . . The old Bermuda railroad runs now in British Guiana. The trackless right of way has become a Bermuda bicycle path. . . . World's smallest drawbridge leads to Somerset. A plank is lifted out of the top to let sailboats slither through. . . . It's very British at Belfield's, a two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old country mansion that does lunches and teas complete with trifle and syllabub. . . . The odd leaf shapes of a green hedging are called "match-me-if-you-can." . . . After cracker-box hotel rooms around the world, have a look at Cambridge Beaches where the cottages are sprawled over twenty-five acres, bay on one side, sea on the other. . . . The Coral Beach Club now imports hustling young waiters from Germany. . . . The Calypso in Hamilton, run by Polly Hornburg, the daughter of the Hon. Sir Howard Trott, has a sparkling collection of resort wear. . . . Pan American flies jets to Bermuda from New York in one hour and forty-five minutes; by BOAC turbo-prop, Bermuda is two hours and forty minutes from New York. . . . If you collect dolls see the ones at Gleeson's in St. George's made of knitted palmetto and screw palm, berries, seed pods, and banana fronds.

POWERED WATER SKIS AT NASSAU. The most unusual means of locomotion in Nassau is powered water skis. It's like riding a pair of pontoons with an outboard motor in back. You steer by leaning and there's a dead-man's throttle that stops the rig if you fall in. . . . There are at least four new co-operative apartment buildings with purchase prices starting at $25,200. . . . Apartments rent at $210 a month for living room, kitchen, small bedroom, and maid service. That makes it cheaper than living at home: and the weather isn't very good at home.

New York to Nassau is two-and-a-half hours on the BOAC and Pan American jets which started last winter. . . . If you want to try native food, go to Three Queens Inn for conch chowder, turtle steak, turtle stew, fried grouper cutlet, conch fritters, and peas 'n rice. . . . I admire the lilting language in the straw market. Handbags made of two-colour straw, palmetto and coconut palm, are called peas 'n rice too. . . . Nassau's liquor stores sell Scotch by the gallon, easier to carry and lighter on your overweight.

Going back to U.S. territory you can clear American customs right in the Nassau airport. I have no pity for the inspectors stationed there. . . . Perfume and golf balls are about half the U.S. price. . . . Note for men: camel's-hair coats $112; cashmere coats $175, but beware the cut of madras. . . . From the subterranean bar of Fort Montagu Beach Hotel you can watch the underwater swimmers. . . . No fewer than thirteen hotels have been built in Nassau since 1950. . . . The Nassau Beach Lodge has installed brass subway straps for its stand-up bar customers. The Lodge had the best dance band in the Bahamas last winter. I love the Bahamas Country Club next door. Open to the public, and the sand of Cable Beach right under your window. Cracking good service in the dining room, a Nassau rarity. . . . A private group headed by Juan Trippe of Pan American has finally decided *not* to open the Cotton Bay Club, on Eleuthera, to the public. Championship golf course, cottages, beach, but members only. . . . The old Billy Butlin holiday camp on Grand Bahama has been completely revitalized by the Jack Tar group which has other hotels in the Florida Keys, Galveston, and San Francisco.

FLAMINGO KIDNAPPERS IN SAN JUAN. Puerto Rico now gets its own *aficionados*, as well as the Havana play. . . . San Juan is jammed the year round. It has Spanish air, big hotels, great weather, sea bathing, gambling, U.S. flag, stable government, and no rooms. . . . Coming soon are restaurants, badly needed: Trader Vic's and Maxim's of Paris. . . . The government would like to beguile some of those European *maîtres* who always dream of their own small resort hotel somewhere. No taxes, personal or corporate. . . . Governor Muñoz Marín is the fastest politician on his feet I ever saw. . . . Big hotel bellhops are fast on their feet, too, making as much as $150 a week. . . . *(Continued on page 141)*

Christmas glow, to give or to table

Here, a Christmas Eve table that's downright, all-out incandescence, a lovely play between the glow of silver and that of gold. Each piece, incidentally, would generate equal light under the tree. Traced with gold filigree, the appliquéd linen cloth and napkins are at Porthault, $120; the sterling silver, tulip goblets (about $5 apiece), and vermeil pieces, all at Tiffany. Each silver place plate is $160*, each ash tray, $16*. The Florentine candlesticks, copied from a pair in the Pitti Palace, are $190* a pair. The vermeil dazzle includes the centre basket, $280* (filled, here, with glitter from Helen Cole Inc.—$12.50 for what's in the basket, $2.50 for each candlestick *bobêche*); candy baskets, each $91*; salt dishes, each $35*; owl salt and pepper shakers, $70* a pair; place card holders, each $25*; flowers holding the menu, $100*; and "Shell and Thread" flatware, $16.75* for a dinner fork. The 1760 Danish chairs, here at Yale Burge. More Christmas tables on pages 136 to 139—and possible menus on page 135.

*TAX INC.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



New! Symphony in blue*♩...

Flaire Folding Furniture by Samsonite

You've never seen such harmonious lines before... you've never had folding furniture so beautiful! Or so versatile—FLAIRE'S uses are limited only by your needs. Oversized, 35″ square padded top, upholstered with patterned wipe-clean vinyl. Smartly beveled edges handsomely rimmed with white plastic piping for protection during storage. Measures 28½″ from floor to top. Enjoy a new high in comfort. Tapered legs lend stability. A touch of your finger folds legs—thanks to hidden safety locks. Shown in Gala Blue, 1 of 4 new colors. FLAIRE table, $14.95. Matching easy-folding chairs with seats and backs generously padded for comfort; tubular steel construction, $9.95. Optional Deluxe Matching Chairs (shown in inset), $11.95.

*or grey or white or tan

OFFICIAL "CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE" FURNITURE

See Samsonite Folding Furniture on "Championship Bridge" starring Charles Goren, every Sunday afternoon on the ABC-TV network

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Folding Furniture Div., Detroit 29, Mich. Available in Canada thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ont., at slightly higher prices. Also manufacturers of Samsonite Luggage.

How to make yourself free for Christmas

Five menus, planned to help a holiday hostess keep her wits (and her wit) right through January 1, '61

Second to the present list comes the Christmas menu list. What's here to help along is a handful of notably work-free party plots, beginning with a menu for a late-morning breakfast any holiday day, ending with a midnight-supper menu for New Year's Eve. (This is strictly Installment I—there'll be more holiday menus, as well as other plans for the parties that are the best of the year—in December Vogue.) Part of the point here is that everything is planned for, or amenable to, a buffet table. More of the point: that nothing involves the all-day shift in the kitchen (what can't be done without much help can be done, on the whole, without). Finally, the food point: a pretty celebration without one tired Christmas cliché.

Reading down: the late-morning breakfast is one of the unbeatable holiday ideas—perhaps following a big party (someone else's big party) the night before, or simply as a family pleasure. The strong points of the menu here are veal kidneys and an omelette; an equally substantial breakfast might be based on turkey hash and waffles. For Christmas Eve, the most successful ideas often begin with sea food, perhaps lobster or crab, done in a creamy sauce with mushrooms, truffles, and wine. Although the menu here is specifically for a late supper on Christmas Eve, it could do as well, anytime during the holidays, as a little dinner before a dance or theatre benefit. (The crux of that last situation is timing: if the curtain's at 8:40, guests should expect dinner, inflexibly, at 7.)

When Christmas Day luncheon—a good idea when there are children on hand, and dinner comes late—is based on the one-hot-dish principle (as it is in the two menus here), some small but unmistakable extravagance can jazz things up considerably: truffles, lobster, game, asparagus, strawberries.

For New Year's Eve, whether it's scheduled as an all-out gala or a few tables of bridge, the point is the kind of thing that may look complicated but decidedly isn't. A case in that point, the buffet supper here—meant for around midnight with champagne—involves little work, great effect. (For another party, one that includes an earlier dinner, the buffet supper could be later, and strictly for the road.)

The menu given here for New Year's Eve could handle, instead, an open house on New Year's Day—a happy wind-up. For that or any party, the classic Christmas drinks make a great splash. Especially good is a *vin brulé*, made by mixing a bottle of Burgundy, 1¼ sticks of cinnamon, 10 grains of coreander, sugar to taste, 12 heads of clover, and a twist of lemon peel, bringing the mixture to a boil and then serving it hot with more lemon peel. Another classic: a rum eggnog, made by mixing a teaspoon of sugar, 2 ounces of rum, 1 egg yolk, and a glass of milk, shaking the whole thing well, straining, sprinkling it with nutmeg, and floating a little brandy on top.

LATE-MORNING HOLIDAY BREAKFAST

PERSIAN MELON
with lemon wedges
OMELETTE FINES HERBES
with chives and parsley
VEAL KIDNEYS FLAMBÉS
Sautéed in butter, flamed with armagnac, served with a brown sauce
SALLY LUNN
with marmalade and jams
COFFEE

CHRISTMAS EVE SUPPER

ONION SOUP
with cheese croutons
LOBSTER SOUFFLÉ
with Newburg sauce: Diced lobster in a sauce of sherry, cream, and yolk of egg
HEARTS OF PALM SALAD
with vinaigrette sauce
HOT ROLLS
BÛCHE DE NOËL
Mocha cream Christmas-cake log

CHRISTMAS DAY BUFFET LUNCHEON

In a cold climate

CRÈME DAUPHINE
Pea and tomato cream with slivers of Virginia ham
SWEETBREADS SAINT-GERMAIN
Sautéed sweetbreads in a Mornay sauce with a border of puréed peas flavoured with cloves, the whole au gratin
FIELD SALAD
with sliced beets, a julienne of celery, and mustard French dressing
CHESTNUT SOUFFLÉ
with brandy zabaglione sauce
CHRISTMAS COOKIES

CHRISTMAS DAY BUFFET LUNCHEON

In a warm climate

CURRIED ESSENCE OF TOMATO JELLY
with salted whipped cream and chives
BREAD STICKS
SUPRÊME OF CHICKEN
Sautéed in butter with minced shallots, carrots, and celery, served in a chafing dish in a rich brown sauce with Madeira and truffles
FRESH ASPARAGUS
with hollandaise sauce
ENDIVE, WATER CRESS, AND BIBB LETTUCE SALAD
with French dressing
FRENCH BREAD
CHOCOLATE MARQUISE
Chocolate mousse made with butter in a charlotte mould, lined with ladyfingers soaked in kirschwasser; served with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with kirschwasser
CHRISTMAS COOKIES

NEW YEAR'S EVE BUFFET SUPPER

COLD SLICED TURKEY
Reshaped, surrounded with whole-cranberry sauce in orange shells, chopped aspic, and parsley
VIRGINIA HAM
with water cress and spiced pears
CREAMED OYSTERS AU GRATIN
SOUFFLÉ SPOON BREAD
The eggs separated, the stiff beaten whites folded in as in a soufflé
RUSSIAN SALAD
Mixed cold vegetables in mayonnaise on a bed of lettuce
MIXED GREEN SALAD
CHEESES AND CRACKERS
OPEN APPLE TARTS
Each with a layer of clear hard caramel
PECAN PIES
FRUIT CAKE

Christmas pleasures–



to give or to table





What's worth exploring about the two tables here is this: anything on either could make a point under the tree as well as on the table. *Left:* Buffet luncheon arrangement begins with an ecru linen cloth, blocked out in delft blue or scarlet, $60 at Porthault. On it, Wedgwood plates ($11.50 for a five-piece place setting at Bloomingdale's) and sculptured pottery by Countess Gnoli, at Alice Marks, where the centre basket costs $50, each bread basket $20, the wine bottle $26, the asparagus dish $45, the closed jar $13, the butter dish $10.50. On the white pottery tray ($12.50 at Saks Fifth Avenue), Steuben glasses, each $21; on the warmer of white Arzberg china ($7.50 at Georg Jensen), a French copper casserole, $20.75 at Trinacria.

Except for the silver-plated asparagus tongs, $14.80* at Christofle, all the silver is by International, at Plummer's: silver-plated pepper pots, $18.50* a pair; silver-plated salt shakers, $4.95* a pair; sterling silver flatware, "1810", $39.75* for a six-piece place setting. In the centre, Vincent Lippe's currants-and-greenery, $4 at Helen Cole Inc.

From a holiday breakfast table, *above*, a detail. Compote and lighter, both of crystal and ormulu, from Saks Fifth Avenue; $29.50 for the lighter, $125 for the compote—filled here with Lippe's gilded flowers, $15 for about this many at Helen Cole Inc. Limoges cigarette box, $10 at Black, Starr & Gorham; small vermeil tray and Spode cup, both at Tiffany—the tray for $88*, the cup and saucer for $12.50. *(Continued on next page)*

*TAX INCLUDED

BEADLE



BEADLE

MORE HOLIDAY PLEASURES, *above:* for Christmas Eve, a table covered with a blue-embroidered white linen cloth, $195 at Léron. Gold-rimmed goblets, each $10, and gold-banded Limoges plates, each $7; both at Baccarat. The silver-plated flatware and the silver-gilt candelabra (twined here with Lippe mistletoe, $2 a branch at Helen Cole Inc.), by Christofle at Black, Starr & Gorham; the flatware, $17 a setting, the candelabra $200*. Vermeil salt and pepper shells, $16.50* at Bergdorf Goodman. From the Museum Silver Shop, a sixteenth-century Spanish silver-gilt salt and pepper pot, and these eighteenth-century pieces: the French silver cup, the Russian silver box, the two Hungarian silver-gilt figures. *Right:* On the appliquéd organdie cloth (Ottavia, $95 at Lord & Taylor), black Lalique plates and Wedgwood urns from Black, Starr & Gorham—each plate $12.50, each urn $118. Banking the frosted tree by Silvestri ($85 at Helen Cole Inc.), pottery candlesticks, $16.50 a pair at Serendipity. Each goblet, $16 at Baccarat. Sterling silver at Robert Ensko: salt cellars, $55* a pair, pepper pots, $70* a pair, ash tray, $13*, flatware $56* a setting. Ronson gold-plated lighter, $22* at Hoffritz.

*TAX INCLUDED



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EVELYN MARCIL

Portrait of a young party dress

For special occasions, the velveteen dress sitting for its portrait here. It's a rich, plummy colour with sleeves that end in crisp white percale poufs, edged in lace; there's another tiny flutter of lace at the throat. The long bodice dips past waistline at the front of the dress, has all its belting at the back. By Cinderella of Crompton cotton velveteen. In sizes 7 to 12; about $15. At Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's.

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: The Patriot-News Co. (Note Holder), Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 486,000.

(Signed) Harold G. Meyer, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1960.

(Seal) L. D. Clark, Notary Public.
(My commission expires April, 1964.)

NOTES ON THE CUFF OF A WASH-AND-WEAR SHIRT

(Continued from page 132)

Biggest *bête rosée* of the Caribe Hilton are the people who kidnap the flamingoes in the garden. One turned up once in the men's room of a night club, another in a lobby of an apartment house. Some flamingoes (at $75 the bird) have flown off in disgust.

El Mediterraneo is San Juan's best restaurant and one of the best half dozen in all the islands; try the Catalan *zarzuela*, crab stew, Catalonian sausage and beans. But I wish they would bury their piano and stay with the amateur *flamenco* guitars that break out almost nightly. . . . Old standby, the Swiss Chalet, which has been feeding tourists and upper-crust Puerto Ricans for years, will open its own hotel. . . . Newest night spot is Ocho Puertas. One-dish dinners and jazz in a welter of Victoriana on Cristo St. . . . Coming soon, a whole spate of pensions all tricked up Spanish style on Cristo, still paved with cobblestones that came over in the galleons as ballast. The flossiest will be El Convento, an old convent unbelievably gussied-up for the tourist trade. and the movement moves offshore with the multi-million dollar development already afoot on Vieques Island.

Opening of the new Intercontinental Hotel in Ponce may trigger a whole tourist move in that direction. The weather is drier there. . . . Largest assortment of Puerto Rican food is at Dorado Beach. *Bacalaitos* (fried codfish cakes), *pastelillos* (cheese and meat turnovers), *alcapurrias* (beef and plantains in dough), *morcillas* (blood and rice sausages with brittle pig skins), *pasteles* (plantain dumplings wrapped in plantain leaves), and on and on. With all this, comes rum cream pie from a recipe used at Mrs. Campbell's Williamsburg Coffee House. . . . The Dorado is using its own planes to fly the customers to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, and to bring its guests from Caneel Bay, at St. John, here for golf. Forty-five minutes each way, $35 round trip.

ST. THOMAS AND ITS FANCY SHOPS. Biggest surprise in St. Thomas: how fancy the shops have become. (Biggest bore: fighting for reservations to get there.) It's a long way from the days when shopping in the West Indies meant a jug of rum and a pair of *maracas*. The stocks are delightfully sophisticated—Baccarat glasses (about half the New York price) at Riise's Gift Shop; Wiinblad's ceramics (not so cheap) at the Scandinavian Shop; fine collection of Fornasetti's refreshing designs at Little Switzerland. . . . Once-tiny Elverhoj which made island fashions in an informal and West Indian way, lured customers in for soup luncheons served at a bar, now has wall-to-wall carpet, air conditioning, and that in-a-side-street-just-off-Park-Avenue dress-shop air.

Roger Coster hauled down the house flag at the Oloffson in Haiti, that upper-class Bohemia, and will open, in St. Thomas, a *grand magasin* and night club on a merry-go-round, with possible help from Vincent Sardi and Coster's theatrical patrons from his Haiti days.

Newest thing for youngsters (hard to shop for in the Caribbean) are pint-sized steel drums, $5.25 at St. Thomas Apothecary Hall, the name of a drug store. . . . Same place also suggests you declare 100 cartons of cigarettes, let them send them to you twenty-five at a time at $1.25 a carton, duty free. . . . If you have a taste for those lacy rope rugs but no pocket for the ones from Spain, Dominica makes a similar type—four feet in diameter $13.75—sold in the Island of St. Thomas at the Gave Hus, which means gift house in Danish.

Biggest drink in St. Thomas: banana daiquiris. They're dandy if you like frozen nail polish. . . . Airy place for lunch is Sebastian's, on the second deck looking over the water. Rather like being in a tree house. . . . Those banana things, with a view, are served at the Mountain Top Hotel looking down on Magens Bay, and out to three islands—St. John, Tortola, and Jost Van Dyke.

Best dinners are served at Goodheart's on Hassel Island. Take the boat in front of Sebastian's, but call first. . . . The late night spot is Gramboko's near the submarine base. . . . The broad-shouldered Virgin Isle Hotel which rocked staid old St. Thomas when it opened, has been sold to Hilton Hotels which is rushing it to refurbishment for this season. The hilltop Hilton will take the overflow from San Juan. Hilton once said he wouldn't go into resort hotels, but he now has Las Brisas Hilton in Acapulco and is dickering for a site in Hawaii.

It's a long taxi ride from the airport to the dock, and a bit

(Continued on page 142)

unchallenged quality

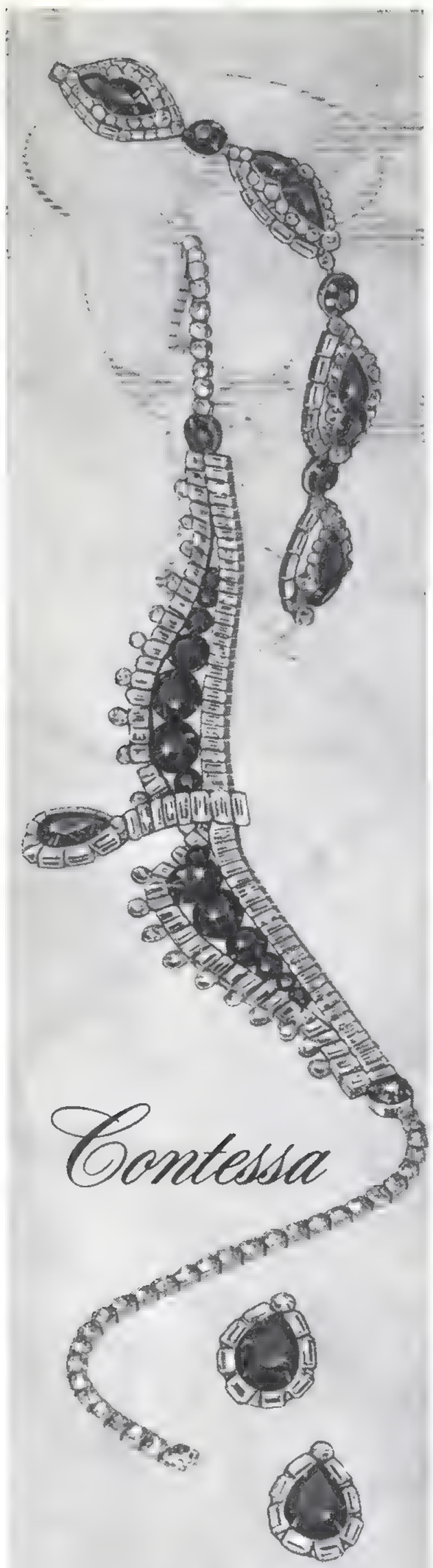
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NOTES ON THE CUFF OF A WASH-AND-WEAR SHIRT

(Continued from page 141)

of a sail from there, but despite its relative remoteness Laurance Rockefeller's Caneel Bay Plantation still gets top marks in the Caribbean. Handsomely decorated cottages are strung along the edge of the beach. The food is simple and substantial, the rum is less than a dollar a bottle, once in a while there is a calypso band. Five thousand acres are national park, and there is a specially-adapted blue and white surrey with extra shock absorbers and four inches of foam on the seats for excursions over the old carriage trails. . . . Rangers are cleaning out the underbrush around some of the historical manor houses that date from Danish sugar days. . . . The next project is camping sites.

Rockefeller's newest acquisition is Estate Good Hope on St. Croix; minuscule but handsome to look at, built by Ford Bond in 1958. Just fourteen suites with tile floors, breakfast brought to your own glass table. For barstool sitters, deep chairs face the sea. There is a beach but don't expect Caneel's sandy expanses.

ST. CROIX—BELLHOPS WEARING BLUE BERMUDAS AND PITH HELMETS. On St. Croix, the Grapetree Bay is a collection of cottages mostly privately owned and rented, dotted along a scant mile of beach. Waiters have been drafted from Puerto Rico but the rest of the staff is out of Carolina, including the bellhops who are done up in blue Bermuda shorts and white pith helmets dusted off from a consignment that never got to India during Colonial days. The seaside pool brings back memories of La Réserve at Beaulieu.

A third magazine photographer has opened a hotel in the Caribbean. This one, Wendy Hilty at the King Christian in St. Croix . . . he follows Roger Coster, formerly at the Grand Hotel Oloffson in Haiti, and Bradley Smith at St. Vincent's. . . . The King Christian has eleven apartments set up for light housekeeping at $85 to $135 a week. One with a bar is $145. Mme. Hilty operates a boutique below, doing business over a counter that was once a sailing sloop. The same management runs an open-air restaurant at the harbour's edge, under a spreading tree. . . . Most unusual shop in Christiansted is the Little Guardhouse, a mixture of icons, angels, *santos*, paintings, sculpture, and a telescope that just possibly could be Captain Cook's. . . . Have a look at the Carib Cellars which stocks Czarist vodka, Red Chinese brandy, East German vodka, and some Greek *tsikoudhi* that got that way from being aged in goatskins.

BEST BEACH IN CARIBBEAN —NEGRIL IN JAMAICA. Perhaps the best beach in the Caribbean is Negril in Jamaica and there is nothing on it except a lot of deeds . . . the most overrated is Montego's Doctor's Cave. . . . Jamaica is stirring. . . . The Marrakesh, that architectural bouillabaisse by the sea, which closed last year will reopen this season shored up by new money. . . . Closed for now is lovely old Shaw Park with one of the most beautiful trees in memory. Its new owners have announced that it will become a one hundred room rambling Jamaica-style two-storey hotel in January 1962. . . . Opening in January, the Shaw Park Beach Club. A twenty-room cottage colony two miles away at Cutlass Bay.

Biggest new Jamaican club of the year is Tryall, the championship golf course some three miles beyond Round Hill. The silver rope is up this winter and it is as one spokesman explained, "not exactly public." To play, you must buy a club membership ($48) plus a golf membership ($30), good for sixteen days, and thereafter all you have to pay is $10 a day greens' fees. . . . Dick de Lisser of Bay Roc and other enterprises, will reopen The Cellar in Montego Bay with a honky tonk piano. . . . Sunset Lodge, not trusting the trades, has installed air conditioning. . . . The first Miami-Montego yacht race will blow out to sea in March, alternating each year thereafter with the dash between Newport and Bermuda.

CARIBBEAN SUPERLATIVES. Most celebrity laden resort in the Caribbean: Jamaica's Round Hill. Wackiest: Au Grand Corsair in Guadeloupe where a monkey rides the house dog and an ocelot sometimes gets loose in the lobby. . . . Most incredible location: The Curaçao Intercontinental, inside a fort, where the "Nieuw Amsterdam" slips past your hotel window almost close enough to touch. . . . Best trip: walking along the shoal of Buccoo Reef a mile offshore in Tobago and communing with odd fish. . . . Most fascinating discovery: St.-Barthélemy, all-white French island a quick air jump from St. Martin. . . . Most mellifluous island name: Marie Galante, but very little to see there. . . . Most untropical isle: Barbados. . . . Most untropical scene: Barbadians playing cricket on a palmless pitch that could be in England. . . . Biggest event in recent Barbadian history: the forthcoming opening of Ronald Tree's Sandy Lane. Twenty-four of the fifty-four air-conditioned rooms of the hotel open in February, all facing the sea. Sofas and antique copies from Portugal. Marble floors from *ditto*. Chandeliers from Spain. Nine-hole 3,400-yard golf course opens in January. Money from Tree on whom it grows.

RA RA CHANDELIERS AT PORT-AU-PRINCE. Markets to remember: the tin market in Port-au-Prince where they sell suitcases made of imperfect tin-can sheetings complete with the imprimatur of Ballantine Beer, Esso Oil, your choice . . . also *ra ra* chandeliers, named for the carnival held near Port-au-Prince from Good Friday to Easter, and made of Carnation Milk cans, great for candlelit terraces. Right around the corner: voodoo shirts made from Pillsbury flour sacks. . . . The straw market in Nassau where the ample bronze ladies beguile you with sweet talk always accented on the syllable you least expect. . . . The floating vegetable market at Curaçao where the stores are sailing ships that idle up from Venezuela. . . . The spotless commissary in St. John where the mixings cost more than the rum. . . . Cha-cha town, a community of French on the outskirts of Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas where the signs are in English on "Quetels Delicatessen Store," but the ladies in their straw *cha-cha* hats speak ancient French.

Business establishments I recall: Una's Teenage Drink Center (Nassau), La Cueva del Chicken Inn (San Juan), the voodoo place in the Haitian hills that decorated its entrance with the sign: Cover Charge $1.

If I never again hear the calypso beat of "Mathilde" that will be peachy, but they disarm me in the Caribbean with the old Trinidad ditty, "Mussolini You Know You Wrong."

The handbag that works

Points to note about these handbags: they're wonderfully roomy; and the roominess is organized by pockets, compartments.





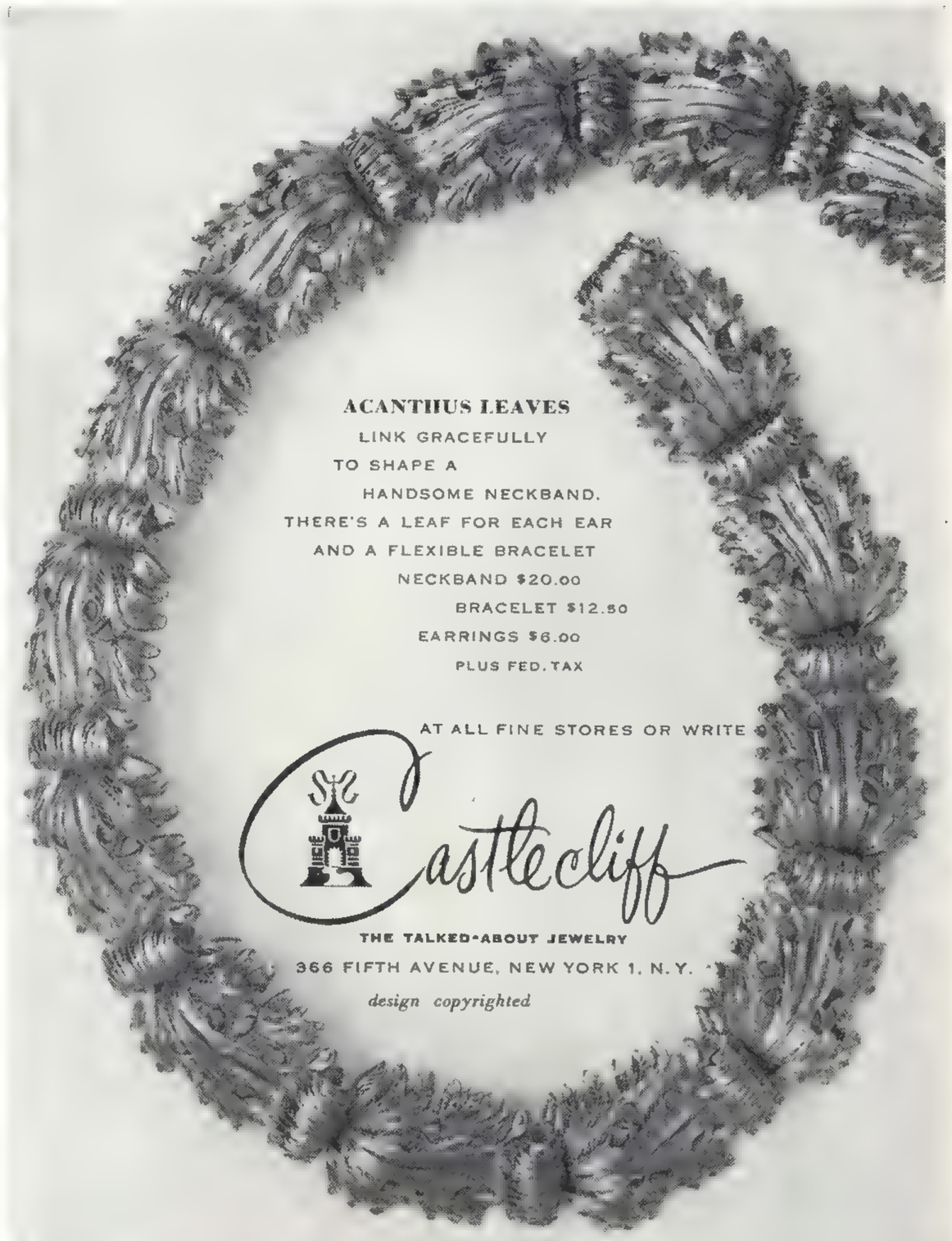
Above: Soft, shapely handbag, otter-coloured crushed cowhide, with an outside back pocket plus its quota of inside pockets. By Park Lane, about $26*. Bloomingdale's and Julius Garfinckel. *Right:* Handbag of grained calf in a greige otter colour. A gilt buckle keeps its flap down. Open top, lots of pockets. By Ronay, about $20*; Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. *Below:* Deep, roomy brown pigskin bag; its flap front locks closed. By Lesco, about $30*; Altman's; Himelhoch's.

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THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO

(Continued from page 107)

theory of perception. That kind of instinctive reference in context increases the quickness of his active observations, for instance, of the palettes of some of the painters: the impromptu glass of Cézanne, Chagall's pale-yellow wood palette, juicy with colours. It increases his observations of the admirations of a number of artists; Bonnard's studio walls showed reproductions of Delacroix, Picasso, Vermeer; Manessier's, Rembrandt and Corot; Braque's walls showed two Corots, a Renoir nude, a white Fang mask, and a detail from the St. John fresco at the Palace of the Popes at Avignon.

A quintet man—photographer, painter, sculptor, writer, and art director, Liberman spends his weekdays at Condé Nast, where his job expands like a Japanese tissue flower in water. On his summer visits to painters, he understands their technical problems, their painterly problems. In fact, he absorbs problems like a combination psychiatrist and kitchen blotting towel.

A fluent writer, who, under the name of Jean Orbay, wrote movie reviews in Paris for the pre-World War II French magazine, *Vu*, which was like *Life* before Henry Luce had dreamed of *Life*, he has a scholarly persistence, rewriting difficult sentences until their clarity is glassy. From the beginning he delighted in writing about the basic abstractions in art, in writing about Man, Nature, God.

These essays were written on weekends, early mornings, and late evenings in New York; the photographs taken on summer holidays in France. The first photographs began in 1947 with a visit to Georges Braque, stopped thirty-eight artists later with Marcel Duchamp. Those visits started because Liberman had felt that art books did not tell him how the artists did their work, how they sized their canvases, what their palettes looked like, their brushes, what they hung on their walls, the look of their studios.

He wanted to find out what the artists had in mind when they took the first brush stroke on a new painting or the first clump of clay in hand. What he found out eventually is that the common denominator in the lives of his subjects is complete dedication, a lovely word scarred by misuse. (Cheap songsters dedicate cheaper songs to the cheapest audience.) He found that the centre of an artist's life is the studio—always the biggest, the best room. In contrast, a wife is usually a small, necessary accessory.

A great painter's life, in fact, frequently is sad, with much anguish, alleviated at times by interior happiness. (This has nothing to do with money or success in the museums and galleries.)

In the process of photographing, he began asking questions, the kind a painter asks a painter, not the ones that most critics or collectors are apt to ask. He did not want to express himself through photography, wanted to work with the materials at hand, never moving an object, never worrying about light, never intruding. It took time to gain the painter's confidence, for Liberman wanted primarily to see how the painter worked. He went back to some of the men three and four times, to Braque twelve times, documenting. Part of the fun lay in his own private guessing game—picking the living painters or sculptors before full fame haloed them. He gambled on Giacometti, on aging Kupka, on Gontcharova, Larionov, on young Borès and Bazaine. No one ever chose for him; they were his long shot off-track bets.

Such betting is pretty easy for him; he is an enthusiast, critical but not carping—an attitude of temperament and mind that is enormously appealing to artists. In his book, there is nothing destructive; if he disliked a man's work, he had no interest in seeing him.

While the photographs are fairly documentary, the essays are fairly subjective. His point of view comes out with complete definition. Interviewing the artists, he always first praises because he feels the joy and the power of their work. Then, under their questioning of him, he may volunteer some dissent which he almost begs the listener to ignore.

Although he is a strong fighter, persisting in what he believes in, he is also the kind who can lunch immediately afterwards with his opponent. In his forty-odd years spent in England, Russia, France, and the United States, he has learned not to bruise easily. On the whole, however, he is a yea-sayer, a man who enjoys sculpture and paintings, likes to have them around him to the extent that the walls of his house are crowded with drawings, water colours, paintings, among them—those of Henry Moore, Borès, Léger, Bazaine, Giacometti, Kandinsky, Braque, Dali, Larionov, Kupka, Manessier, Villon, Afro, Matisse, and Picasso.

An encourager (nothing encourages an artist like a sale), he follows the classic method of criticism: find out what the man is trying to do and then gauge how closely he succeeds. When he worked on this book, this professionally partitioned man found that capillaries ran between his various activities, a state of affairs that he usually tried to block; whatever he does, he does with complete commitment at the time. That is how he worked on this romantic, thirteen-year adventure, undertaken to learn factually how some of the great artists of the past hundred years of the School of Paris went about their solitary jobs in their solitary studios. Now, perhaps, no one else knows as much about those job descriptions, historically important, as Alexander Liberman; he put all that knowledge into *The Artist in His Studio*.

At the Sign of the Red Kettle—

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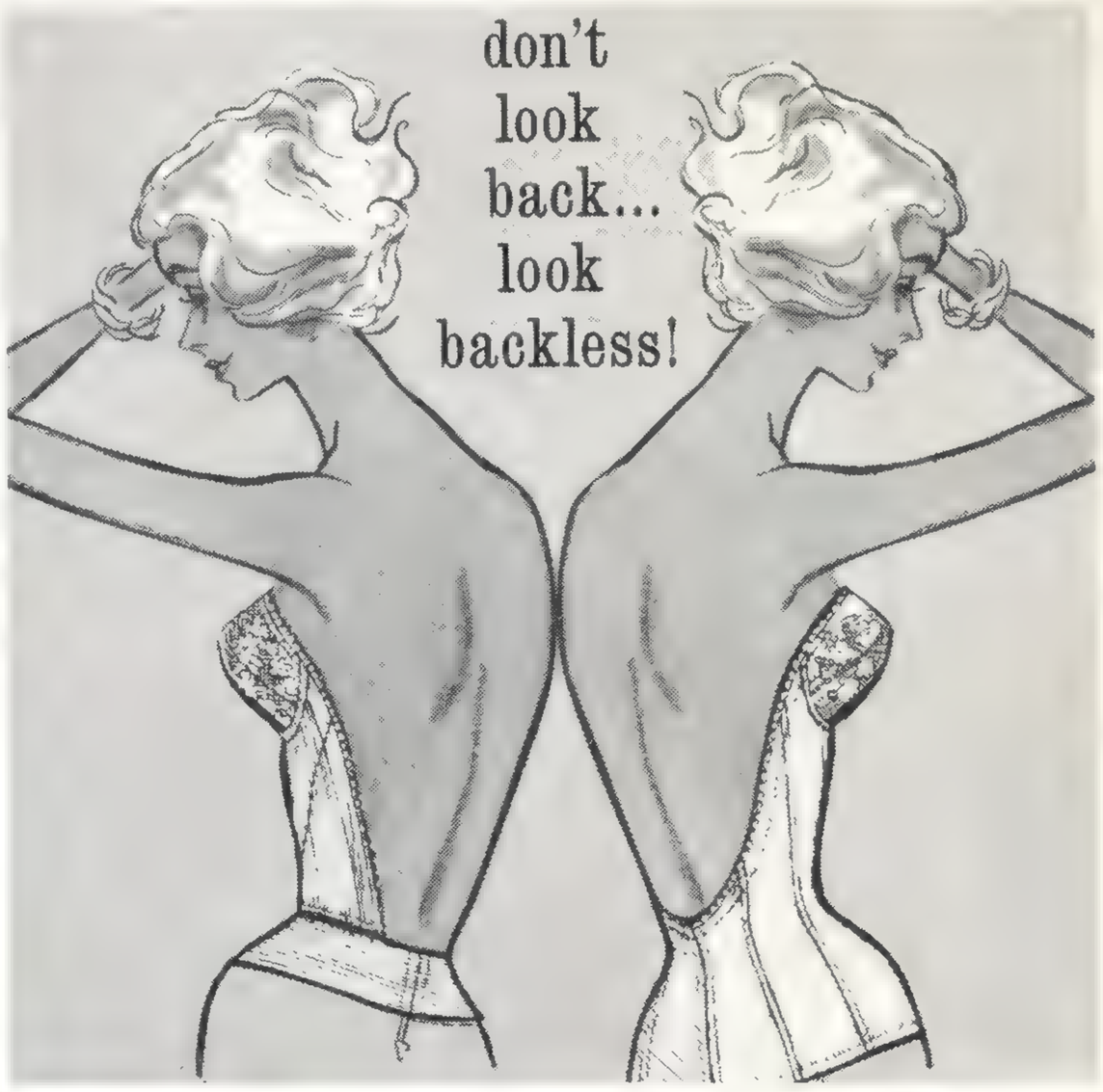
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slip

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Discover "Adventure"...uncover a new, adventurous "you"! Dreamy, decollete, dazzling...secure in the secret lift of the first bare-back no-strap bras you really can trust when your beautiful back is turned. LEFT—32 to 36, A-B-C cups. Style #687: black or white nylon lace...$10. Style #667: white cotton...$7.50. RIGHT—Style #787: black or white nylon lace, satin and leno elastic $15. DESIGN PATENT APPLIED FOR



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THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE NEWT

(Continued from page 99)

The peculiar thing about a newt's courtship is its restraint. It is carried on, at all times, with a minimum distance of fifty paces (newt measure) between the male and the female. Some of the bolder males may now and then attempt to overstep the bounds of good sportsmanship and crowd in to forty-five paces, but such tactics are frowned upon by the Rules Committee. To the eye of an uninitiated observer, the pair might be dancing a few of the more open figures of the minuet.

The means employed by the males to draw the attention and win the affection of those of the opposite sex (females) are varied and extremely strategic. Until the valuable researches by Strudlehoff in 1887 (in his "*Entwickelungsmechanik*") no one had been able to ascertain just what it was that the male newt did to make the female see anything in him worth throwing herself away on. It had been observed that the most personally unattractive newt could advance to within fifty paces of a female of his acquaintance and, by some *coup d'œil*, bring her to a point where she would, in no uncertain terms, indicate her willingness to go through with the marriage ceremony at an early date.

It was Strudlehoff who discovered, after watching several thousand courting newts under a magnifying lens (questionable taste on his part, without doubt, but all is fair in pathological love) that the male, during the courting season (the season opens on the tenth of March and extends through the following February, leaving about ten days for general overhauling and redecorating) gives forth a strange, phosphorescent glow from the centre of his highly coloured dorsal crest, somewhat similar in effect to the flash of a diamond scarf-pin in a red necktie. This glow, according to Strudlehoff, so fascinates the female with its air of elegance and indication of wealth, that she immediately falls a victim to its lure.

The Courtship

BUT the little creature, true to her sex-instinct, does not at once give evidence that her morale has been shattered. She affects a coyness and lack of interest, by hitching herself sideways along the bottom of the aquarium, with her head turned over her right shoulder away from the swain. A trained ear might even detect her whistling in an indifferent manner.

The male, in the meantime, is flashing his gleamer frantically two blocks away and is performing all sorts of attractive feats, calculated to bring the lady newt to terms. I have seen a male, in the stress of his handicap courtship, stand on his fore-feet, gesticulating in amorous fashion with his hind feet in the air. Franz Ingehalt, in his "*Uber Weltschmerz des Newt*," recounts having observed a distinct and deliberate undulation of the body, beginning with the shoulders and ending at the filament of the tail, which might well have been the origin of what is known today in scientific circles as "the shimmy." The object seems to be the same, except that in the case of the newt, it is the male who is the active agent.

In order to test the power of observation in the male during these manoeuvres, I carefully removed the female, for whose benefit he was undulating, and put in her place, in slow succession, another (but less charming) female, a paper-weight of bronze shaped like a newt, and, finally, a common rubber eraser. From the distance at which the courtship was being carried on, the male (who was, it must be admitted, a bit near-sighted congenitally) was unable to detect the change in personnel, and continued, even in the presence of the rubber eraser, to gyrate and undulate in a most conscientious manner, still under the impression that he was making a conquest.

At last, worn out by his exertions, and disgusted at the meagreness of the reaction on the eraser, he gave a low cry of rage and despair and staggered to a nearby pan containing barley-water, from which he proceeded to drink himself into a gross stupor.

Thus, little creature, did your romance end, and who shall say that its ending was one whit less tragic than that of Camille? Not I, for one. . . . In fact, the two cases are not at all analogous.

The Community Life of the Newt

AND now that we have seen how wonderfully Nature works in the fulfillment of her laws, even among her tiniest creatures, let us study for a minute a cross-section of the community life of the newt. It is a life full of all kinds of exciting adventure, from weaving nests to crawling about in the sun and catching insect larvae and crustaceans. The newt's day is practically never done, largely because the insect larvae multiply three million times as fast as the newt can possibly catch and eat them. And it takes the closest kind of community team-work in the newt colony to get things anywhere near cleaned up by nightfall.

It is early morning, and the workers are just appearing, hurrying to the old log which is to be the scene of their labours. What a scampering! What a bustle! Ah, little scamperers! Ah, little bustlers! How lucky you are, and how wise! You work long hours, without pay, for the sheer love of working. An ideal existence, I'll tell the scientific world.

How They Work

OVER here on the right of the log are the Master Draggers. Of all the newt workers, they are the most futile, which is high praise indeed. Come, let us look closer and see what it is that they are

(Continued on page 149)



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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

(Continued from page 97)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The small news note in the London Sunday *Observer*, acknowledging a number of donations for the relief of unmarried mothers in Louisiana and their children, including £27 from the Eel Pie Island Jazz Club. . . . The perfect, almost wordless vignette of marital love in Calcutta, exquisitely played by Soumitra Chatterjee as Apu and by Sarmila Tagore as his bride, who manages to fill with romantic implications even such things as stirring the breakfast gruel, in *The World of Apu*, the third part of Satyajit Ray's momentous film trilogy. . . . The distinguished young Chinese pianist, Fou Ts'ong, who has played the European classics with sympathy, delicacy, and power in some five hundred concerts from Warsaw to London. . . . *Goodbye to a River*, a special, quiet book by John Graves, who wanted to float a stretch of his river, the Brazos in West Texas, once more before the dams came; his record of that trip is an elegy not only to the river but to the men who opened the Brazos, men who "didn't distinguish much among the different kinds of Indians."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The extraordinary piano concerts in the United States by Richter, the middle-aged Russian pianist, here for the first time; his dynamism has only been experienced in this country on his many records. . . . The Londoner's name for the hair cut that is midway between an early 1920's bob and a late 1920's shingle: the bingle. . . . The tapering road lights, like enormous rows of long-stemmed yellow tulips, that illuminate France's new auto-routes. . . . The way the students at Stephens College in Missouri have classroom interviews by telephone with specialists; each student can put a question to the interviewee in his office at Washington, San Francisco, Rome, with the class listening in through a loudspeaker to the answers. . . . The hit song in Leopoldville, "Independence Cha Cha," a jumpy musical spoof by the African Jazz Orchestra with the lyrics mentioning "Kasavubu et Lumumba."

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE NEWT

(Continued from page 148)

doing.

The one in the lead is dragging a bit of gurry out from the water and up over the edge into the sunlight. Following him, in single file, come the rest of the Master Draggers. They are not dragging anything, but are sort of helping the leader by crowding against him and eating little pieces out of the filament of his tail.

And now they have reached the top. The leader, by dint of much leg-work, has succeeded in dragging his prize to the ridge of the log.

The little workers, reaching the goal with their precious freight, are now giving it over to the Master Pushers, who have been waiting for them in the sun all this while. The Master Pushers' work is soon accomplished, for it consists simply in pushing the piece of gurry over the other side of the log until it falls with a splash into the water, where it is lost.

This part of their day's task finished, the tiny toilers rest, clustered together in a group, waving their heads about from side to side, as who should say: "There—that's done!" And so it *is* done, my little Master Draggers and my little Master Pushers, and *well* done, too. Would that my own work were as clean-cut and satisfying.

Philosophical Conclusion

AND so it goes. Day in and day out, the busy army of newts go on making the world a better place in which to live. They have their little trials and tragedies, it is true, but they also have their fun, as anyone can tell by looking at a log full of sleeping newts on a hot summer day.

And, after all, what more has life to offer?



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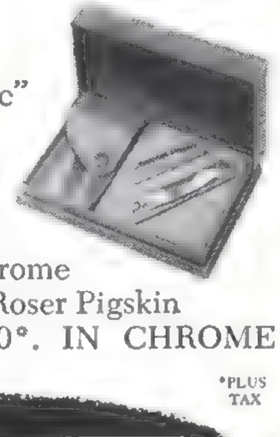
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BEAUTY REPAIRS

(Continued from page 128)

5 MINUTES TO CAMOUFLAGE TIRED EYES. If you've reservations about rouge, our advice is get rid of them: pale cream rouge, used sparingly and with know-how, is an especially good way to take the spotlight away from undereye areas that aren't all they should be. Works this way: three light smudges per cheek, spaced in a triangle; the apex goes on the highest point of the cheekbone and, blending, follows the cheek's natural curve. Still unpersuaded? Then know this: there's a brownish cream rouge sold at theatrical drugstores and with some salon cosmetics; the amount of colour it imparts to the skin is practically zero—pure contour is the point. As for the undereye area itself, you've probably heard that very pale make-up base does excellent repair-work here. And so it does—provided that the area in question is dark and literally depressed. But what of undereye areas that turn puffy and white with fatigue? This admirable suggestion for them: make-up base several shades darker than your face make-up. Back to those other eyes for a minute—the ones that go hollow and purply around the edges at the drop of an hour's sleep. One solution: Norell's mannequin eyes—lots of deep and mysterious colour in all the familiar shadowy places. If you can't lick 'em, join 'em, is the theory, and it seems pretty sound to us.

32 MINUTES FOR AN EXTENDED MANICURE-LIFE. Exactly thirty minutes of this schedule are accounted for by a good salon manicure—no digging, no callus-provoking in-filing at the sides; possibly a pleasantly bouncy massage with a miniature vibrator designed especially to soften cuticle resistance and perk up nails in general (this treatment is part of a special manicure given at the Antoine Salon at Saks Fifth Avenue); and certainly, a colour that doesn't raise other-colour complications—rich, true reds—neither yellowed nor blued—have particularly agreeable natures. Now for those extra two minutes: that's where manicure-longevity comes in, in the form of a sealer, to be applied every other day, not only over the nail, but under the tip as well. Even tougher than sealer is a piece of news called Hard-as-Nails, which is sold at five-and-tens. This is presumably as unshatterable as those baseball-resistant windows in the TV commercials. In any case, we know of one manicure that went nearly two weeks with this protection.

20 MINUTES FOR A BATH THAT COUNTS. The woods, you may have noticed, are full of small delights designed to improve the lot of bath-people, whereas shower-people, for the most part, have been left to shift for themselves. Well, we're pleased to report that all this shows signs of changing, and fans of either medium can enjoy a whole battery of skin-pamperers—vitamins, moisturizers, emollients, et cetera. From the Sardeau Company come Sardoettes—cloth-like squares, saturated with lipodermic oils. Smooth on while you're still bath- or shower-damp, and towel dry. Another product with an equal affinity for baths or showers is Vitabath. It comes in jelly form, contains a fistful of vitamins, and oils extracted from—of all things—horse chestnuts. No soaping with Vitabath, by the way—the cleansing ingredients are built-in. And how's that for time-saving? Not new, exactly, but too good not to mention here: loofah sponges—wonderfully tingly, and very adroit at scribbling away rough edges. Most drugstores carry all three products.

2 MINUTES TO UNWIND. Sit (or stand) with head and back erect, arms hanging loosely at sides. Pull shoulders up to ears; pull down again as far as possible—both ways—slowly. Do ten times. (It works—it really does.)... An alternate routine that imparts quick well-being to a whole other school of women we know goes like this: Lie flat on back on the floor; bend knees up so that soles of feet are flat on floor; and—to borrow a mot from the Army—"suck in guts." In other words flatten out the whole length of the spinal column. The benefits of this can be further stepped up if you take in hand one of those rubbery exercise ropes; with hands aloft, pull rope out; slowly, stretching the line, move arms back, over head, moving rope to floor. Point is, flattening out those shoulder muscles, getting the tension out of your neck. Repeat up to ten times, depending on how many minutes you have on tap.

1 MINUTE FOR A 24-HOUR HAND FACIAL. This little wonder has a string of admirers a mile long. The reasons for their devotion: it bleaches, softens, is quick-drying and unsticky, it smells delicious, and its benefits work on a full-day basis. Almond paste is at the root of this hand cream, which comes from Spain and is called Crema de Almendras. It's made by Gal, and you'll find it at Caswell-Massey, Inc., 48th St. and Lexington Avenue, New York City. $3.75 plus tax for a jar.

ITALIAN KNITTED FASHIONS

The following is a list of Galerie shops throughout the country where the fashions shown on pages 120-121 may be found.

Albuquerque, N. Mex.	Hubbard's
Detroit, Mich.	Milgrim's
Fall River, Mass.	Cherry & Webb
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Joseph P. Doody
Lawrence, Mass.	Cherry & Webb
Lowell, Mass.	Cherry & Webb
New Bedford, Mass.	Cherry & Webb
Providence, R. I.	Cherry & Webb
Scranton, Pa.	The Globe Store
Tulsa, Okla.	Vandevers

ON CRYING AT CHRISTMAS PAGEANTS

BY ELIZABETH MOULTON

Three children have made me a parent and I like it, I like them, but I find it hard to portray Mother in public. On the one hand I don't feel that old; on the other, I am a sentimentalist.

Parents should not cry. It embarrasses their children and sets off the other mothers, like people being sick on planes. If only I could have lived in the late eighteenth century when even the men cried. My tears are as residual as a full bosom was in the 1920's.

I cry over school assemblies and homemade plays and children walking single file through an uncut hayfield. I choke at the end of *The Secret Garden,* and each time Beth dies. I am reduced by Korean orphans singing "Silent Night," by children being *nice* to one another, and by a child playing alone and completely by himself.

Not only children do me in. *Our Town* is my town. I want to cry when I hear "Finlandia"; it reminds me of the granite face of Sibelius, of the Lunts in Sherwood's Finland play, and of the Aalto building at the 1939 World's Fair. I weep at tricks of light and scenery, at movies and at the ballet and over books, at farewells and reunions. I am quickly and cheaply moved by things which are snobbishly vetoed by my critical faculty. Chances are, this unfailing impulse to tears and my facial combat to conceal it go unnoticed. I hope so.

Of these public waterworks I have been deeply ashamed ever since the Christmas assembly thirty years ago when the Wise Men pointed, saying: "Lo, in the East there is a star." Tears of awe and excitement splashed down my cheeks. I stared at the star blindly while the rest of the kindergarten stared with pleasure at me.

Even then, I did not think it was cute to snivel in assembly and I do not think so now. My tears are dishonest. They are just as prodigal for happy endings as they are for disaster. Their monotony denigrates the events which they water just as rain turns all stories in an abandoned newspaper to the same grey pulp. I would like to be able to mete out tears in proportion to the event.

For I do not hold with the current style of saluting every happening with comments of wry godawfulness. This tone (what *happens* to women's voices as they grow older?) dehydrates the more important moments quite as much as sentiment smudges them to sameness. Life is not a series of teeny elations and mild disappointments, and sometimes tears are a necessary homage to tragedy and to joy.

But not at church pageants, not on Friday mornings at school assemblies; there I do my best to conceal decently the tears I can not help.

I am not good in the early morning—do not send to ask me when I am—and I play a character Arthur Kober nicknamed Mrs. Victrola Record. From seven to eight thirty it's: drink your milk, make your bed, where are your shoes your shoes your shoes and why do you need fifty cents and don't *clump.* Then, at nine o'clock assembly sitting with a *klatsch* of mothers I get out the handy pack of tissues. I'm already bludgeoned by nostalgia.

Schools smell the same through the ages. The same hectic October leaves rustle outside and the same sleepy boredom descends with the November rain. It's the same Christmas excitement and February slump, and even the same heat waves above the radiators refracting the air.

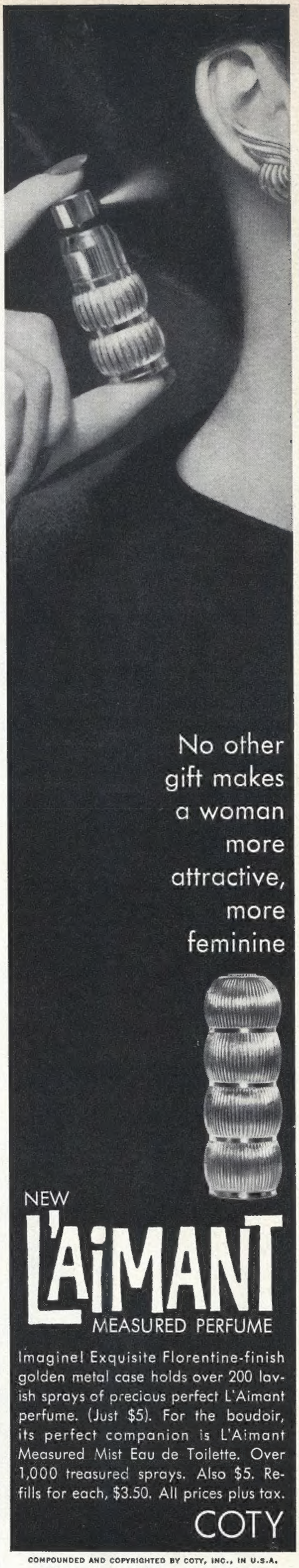
Then the pianist pounds out the opening march. The children come in, looking possible and competent and dear. What can you do but bury your face in the hair of a preschooler if you're lucky enough to have brought one? There are my children in one piece, in the right grades, and not visibly damaged by the things I've done wrong. (This is a custodial theory of parenthood.)

I want to cry because suddenly there I see one of the children in terms of herself . . . not as unmade beds and have you done your practising and no mayonnaise. There is my baby who is now a child, a girl, her own self. The fact of a child is so wonderful I wish it didn't go to my eyes.

What then is to be done? You can hide behind dark glasses and sinus trouble. You can imagine reverse assemblies; how would it be if all the mothers retold their summer experiences or were costumed for a play on dental health as clean and decayed molars.

The trick is to save face, even if that face is wet. The other mothers won't tell on you. So if you are inconspicuously dressed and not pregnant and wear high heels and talk to the other mothers, but not too loudly, maybe your child won't notice you.

One Christmas our second child was an angel twice. The first time I was saved by humour as she and her co-leader jousted fiercely with their cardboard wings going up to the stage. But the second time, the second pageant I sobbed out loud in that acoustical cave which is our church.

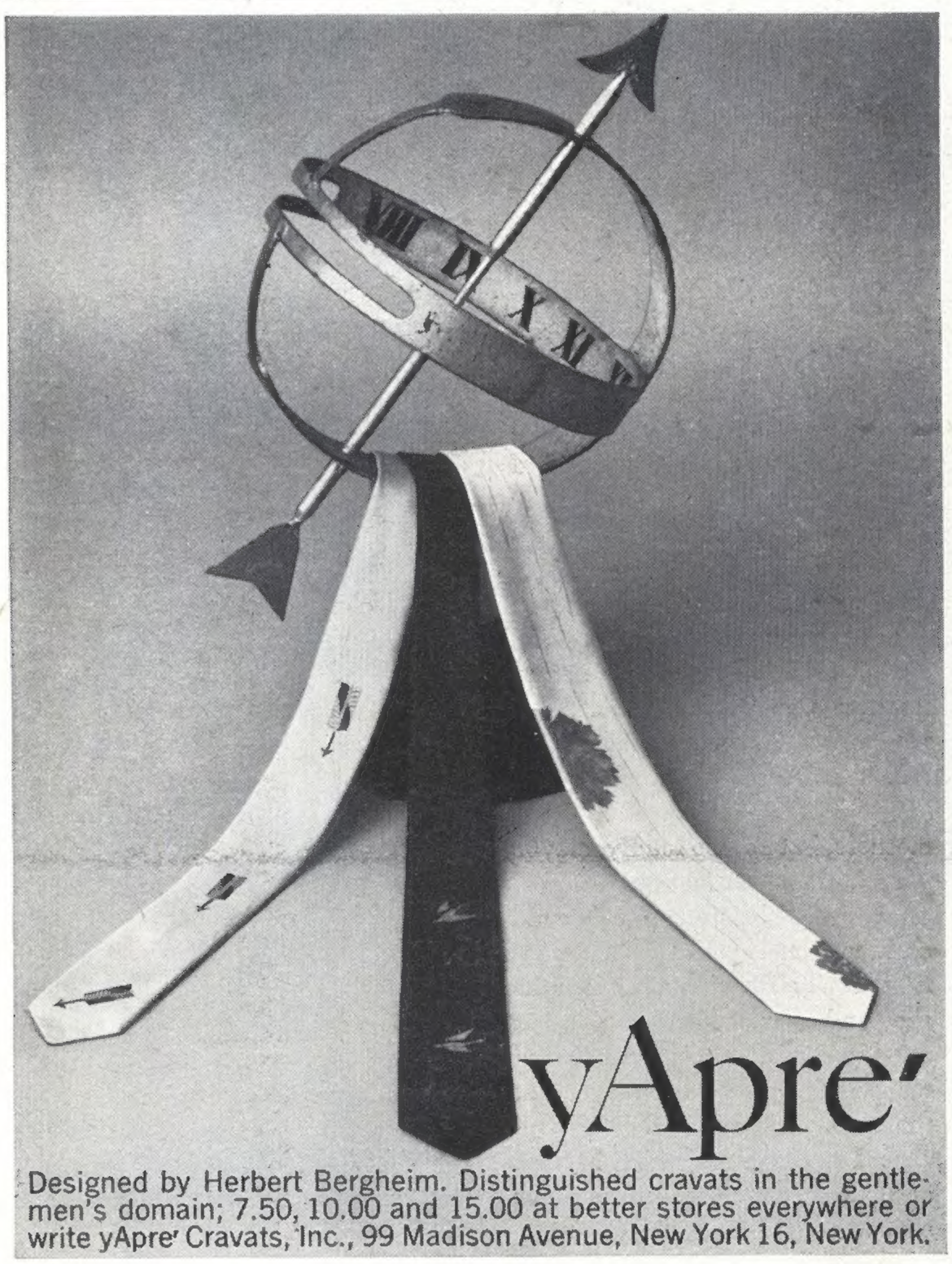


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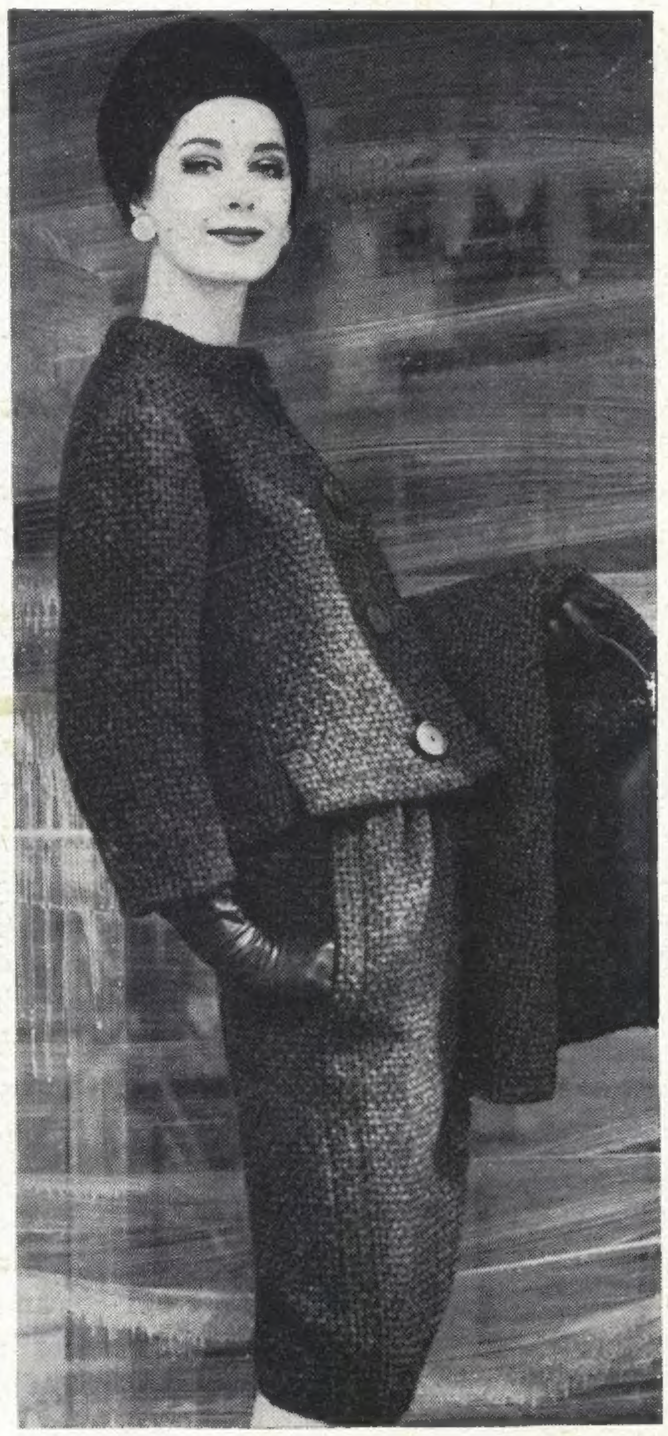


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Sewing up the Paris suit matter

Continued from pages 118-119



Above: Ricci suit detail showing neck and sleeve length (long sleeves optional). Suit and cape, a Paris Original Model, Vogue Pattern 1035, sizes 12-20. For size 14: suit and matching cape side, 4⅞ yds. of 54″ fabric; reversible cape side, 2¾ yds., same width; jacket lining 1⅜ yds., skirt lining 1¾ yds., both of 39″ fabric. The price, $3.50. *Left:* Wide seam pocket detail of the Dior skirt. Coat and suit, a Paris Original Model, Vogue Pattern 1041, sizes 10-18. For size 14: suit and coat, 5⅝ yds. of 54″ fabric; coat lining, 3½ yds. of 39″ fabric, jacket lining 1¾ yds. of the same width. Price, $3.50.

Vogue Patterns are available at important shops in every city or by mail (postage prepaid), from Department V, Vogue Pattern Service, Greenwich, Connecticut; and in Canada, at 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.

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